JOHN BULL, AUGUST 23, 1930
TWOPENCE.

JOHN BULL

No. 1262.
Vol. XLVIII

OVER A MILLION SALE

Worn out with sleepless nights!

Lying awake all night; turning from side to side as the thoughts race through your restless brain, rising in the morning more tired than when you went to bed—that's nerves. Disordered, ill-nourished nerves! Whatever its cause, it cannot go on. That way lies neurasthenia, even complete mental and physical breakdown.

Yet the cure is simple enough. Not drugs; they merely mean temporary relief at the cost of future danger. Just Wincarnis! Wincarnis with the phosphates and mineral salts of 2½ lbs. of grapes to every bottle, with the strength and the vitamins of its meat and malt extracts. Wincarnis to tone up your system, to build up new reserves of health and strength, above all, to soothe and to quieten those jaded, restless, irritable nerves.

Wincarnis ends sleeplessness almost overnight. The first glass you drink, with its delicious flavour and delicate aroma, will bring you relief. You can actually feel it doing you good, feel its gentle warmth stealing through your veins. Try Wincarnis to-day.

For nearly fifty years Doctors have known and recommended Wincarnis as the best and surest of all tonics. We actually hold over 18,000 recommendations from medical men for cases of Neurasthenia, Debility, Anæmia, Weakness, Lassitude, Convalescence after illness, Insomnia and all sorts of rundown conditions. Is there any other tonic supported by such a mass of expert testimony? Is there anything so sure to do you good?

A Nurse's own Experience.

Nurse F. C.——writes: "I have already found most wonderful results. I have now had two thoroughly good nights' sleep, which I must confess before taking Wincarnis was an entirely unheard-of event. Also I've developed an appetite, another good quality of your wine. I will most certainly do my utmost to recommend it."

WINCARNIS

THE WINE OF LIFE

TESTED JB

Obtainable from all Wine Merchants, Licensed Chemists and Licensed Grocers. Price 5/6 and 3/3.

Have you tried Wincarnis Wine Jelly? Ask your grocer. It's delicious!

W3

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MAKE MORE MONEY. SELL Tablecloths, Towels, Silk Stockings, Overalls, Men's Socks, Ties, etc. A 1,000 Bargains. The Oldest, Largest, Cheapest and Best Wholesale Firm. Write now for Catalogue B., Cochrane, Sons & Co., 2, Thomas St., Manchester.

52-PAGE W'sale Drapery Catalogue, also 16-page A.B.C. direct from actual manfrs., free to Shopkeepers and Beginners. Example of prices: Shirts 18/11 doz. Other bargains in stock.—Wolfson's, 48, Thomas Street, Manchester.

CHEAPEST Wholesale House for Beginners for drapery, hosiery, boots, etc. Write for free cat. —H. Marks, 65, Houndsditch, London, E.C.3.

FREE ILLUSTRATED LIST for Dealers and Beginners for keen lines in Drapery, Hosiery, Haberdashery (Wholesale only).—Levy Bros., Dept. R., 39, Houndsditch, London, E.C.3.

PROFITABLE GOODS to Sell in your spare time, every kind, good profits; 192-p. Catalogue free.—MAY (173), George St., Birmingham.

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

EARN £2 to £5 weekly. Run Clothing Club amongst friends. No outlay. Particulars and cat. free.—Carlisle Mills, Dept. 11, Birstall, Leeds.

AGENTS wtd. everywhere for our famous boots, Suits, Coats, Costumes, etc. Easy payments. Liberal comm.—Write to Masters, Ltd., Rye.

EARN GOOD MONEY in your spare time.—Agents wanted to form 1s. weekly clubs for every kind of Household Goods, Clothing, Boots etc., etc.; no outlay, no expense. Wonderful bargains on easy terms. Splendid Cash Commission. Send for particulars and you will be delighted with the result.—The NATIONAL BENEFIT STORES, LTD. (Dept. A.), Pollard Street, Ancoats, Manchester.

A BUSINESS of your own! John Noble's want Organisers of 1/- weekly clubs in all districts. Big com. Marvellous bargains in Fashions, Furniture, Footwear, Bedding, Outfitting, etc. Send P.C. NOW for catalogues and full partics. —John Noble, Ltd. (Dept. A7), Manchester.

XMAS Club Agents wtd.; Chocolate, Cigarettes, Fancy Goods; highest comm.; suite of furniture free. Catalogues, etc., from Club Supplies, Ltd., 1, Bird-in-Hand Court, Cheapside, London.

XMAS CLUBS.—AGENTS WANTED. Chocolates, Cigarettes, Toys, Fancy Goods, Bedding, Jewellery, Novelties. Highest Cash Commission. Illustrated Booklet. Price Lists, full particulars, G. W. Watson, Dept. A., Chocolate Box, Lands Lane, Leeds.

A SENSATION in Commission. Free Gifts. Agents wanted. Xmas Clubs, Toys. Enterprise Confectionery Co., Thornton Road, Bradford.

FREE. 20,000 GIFTS TO ALL GENUINE XMAS AGENTS. LARGEST Cash Commission, also cash bonus. Chocolates, Cigarettes, Presents, Gifts, Xmas Novelties. 300 Lines illustrated. Genuine Goods sold only. Write for Catalogue, terms and Free Gift. MORRIS BROS., 21, Clifton St., Bradford.

XMAS CLUBS.—Chocolates, Cigarettes, Toys, Fancy Goods. Spare-time Agents wanted. Excellent Commission. Art Catalogue and Particulars Free.—SAMUEL DRIVER, LTD., BURTON ROAD, LEEDS.

XMAS CLUB AGENTS WANTED to distribute FREE 1-lb. boxes famous Hillaby's Liquorice Allsorts. Big Cash Comm. P.C. brings Cat. costing 2/6 to produce, and everything to commence FREE. Commence NOW. All best Xmas lines. Valuable prizes, including Suite of FURNITURE FREE. Don't delay. Send to-day.—Hoffbrand, 9, Brearton St., Bradford.

XMAS CHOC. CLUBS.—Agents wanted. Good terms. Cadbury's, Rowntree's, Fry's, Terry's, etc. Write now for Art Coloured Cat., MATHERS, Dept. J., 192, Chorley Old Road, Bolton, Lancs.

XMAS CHOCOLATE CLUBS.—Agents wanted to form clubs for Xmas. No Outlay. Largest Cash Commission. Particulars and Catalogue Free.—Kightly, Bulwell, Nottingham.

CLUB AGENTS.—10s. cheque given to all Applicants for our Free Art Catalogue. Highest Commission yet offered. Thousands Free Gifts. Biggest Cash Prizes and Biggest Free Gift to every Agent. No substitutions guaranteed. No late deliveries.—Midland Confectionery Co., Dept B43, Shipley.

CHRISTMAS CARD AGENTS WANTED to sell Private Christmas Cards. Sample Book of Lovely Designs supplied free. Latest in Novelty Cards. HIGHEST COMMISSION. BEAUTIFUL PRIZES.—Apply, G. DENTON & CO., LTD., Dept. D.15, Accrington.

A.1 AGENTS required for Xmas Cards. 10/- in the £ Comm. with Presents. Sample Book Free. Carriage Paid.—Bradford Publishing Co., Parkgate, Bradford.

AGENTS WANTED. CHRISTMAS CARDS. GET THE FAMOUS "SNOWBALL" BOOK OF CALENDARS AND FLORAL AND OTHER CARDS WITH MUSICAL GREETINGS. SOMETHING NOVEL. BOOK OF EXQUISITE SAMPLES FREE. ENROL NOW. TREMENDOUS AND OVERWHELMING DEMAND.—MINSTER PRESS, PRESTON.

XMAS CLUB AGENTS.—Highest Cash Commission. Art Catalogue and full particulars free. Chocolates, Cutlery, Games.—SAMUEL ELLIOTT (Dept. J.B.), STEEPLE WORKS, CHESTERFIELD.

A MOST STRIKING INTRODUCTION.—A new idea in Private Greeting Christmas Cards, which, with the excellent commission we give, must get an Agent's success assured. For full particulars of free Sample Book, etc., apply Dept. 5, Private Xmas Card Mfg. Co., City Works, Blackfriars Street, Manchester.

CHRISTMAS CLUB AGENTS WANTED. Best Cash Commission. Valuable Prizes Given. Send for Coloured Illustrated Catalogue, post free. All leading makes.—Russell & Co., Dept. B, King Street, Wigan.

A BALMORAL BOOK OF PRIVATE CHRISTMAS CARDS AWAITS EVERY ENTERPRISING AGENT. MOST WONDERFUL ORDER-GETTER PUBLISHED. MAGNIFICENT COLLECTION OF ORIGINAL NOVELTIES IN CALENDARS, PHOTOGRAVURES, JEWELLED AND PICTURE CARDS. BOOKS FREE. HIGHEST COMMISSIONS AND PRIZES. WRITE NOW TO STEWARTS, DEPT. A., COMMERCIAL MILLS, BLACKBURN.

AGENTS wanted for the FAMOUS CARLTON SERIES of Christmas Greeting Cards and Calendars. The Book which is always ahead of all others. Energetic Agents can earn from £1 to £5 per week in spare time.—Address, Treble, 28, Cheapside, Preston.

BIG PROFITS ASSURED to Agents selling the lovely CASTLE SERIES. Book of Exquisite Christmas Cards, etc., including Lucky Monkey Calendar on Wooden Stand, and other delightful Novelties supplied FREE. Wonderful Commissions and Prizes.—Address, Castle Publishing Co., 50, Anchor Court, Preston.

TO CHRISTMAS CLUB AGENTS.—Send NOW for our Chocolate and Cigarette Lists. Full commission. Fair treatment. High Quality Goods. Square dealing. Satisfaction assured. Full particulars on receipt of postcard sent to THE EMPIRE SUPPLY CO., Dept. N., ARDWICK GREEN, MANCHESTER, S.E.

WINES & SPIRITS for Xmas. Large commission to travellers. Free gifts.—Lovell Road Bottling Stores, Leeds. Established 30 years.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 9s. per line averaging six words, Minimum Charge 27s.
Advertisements must be received not later than Friday for the following Thursday's issue.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

PRIVATE CHRISTMAS CARD AGENTS (either sex) wanted in every town by largest manufacturers. Magnificent Sample Book FREE. Calendars, Real feather Bird, blotter, bookmark, flower sprays, Notepapers, Celluloid pocket Calendar, Black Cats, Dogs, Horses, with glass eyes, making a great appeal to animal lovers. DESIGNS FOR EVERY TASTE. HIGHEST COMMISSION and PRIZES for all. — ALL-BRITISH CHRISTMAS CARD CO., Dept. 41, BLACKBURN.

AMAZING COMMISSION. — Agents wanted, Xmas Chocolate Clubs, Toys, Fancy Goods, etc. 108-page Catlg.—Gould, 6, Hartley Hill, Leeds.

LARGEST Cash Commission. Free presents to every agent, also Gold Watches given, value £4 4s. Xmas Club Agents Wanted.—Dennis & Co., D. E., Colne, Lancs.

CHRISTMAS Card Agents Wanted. The famous MASCOT series introduces many new lines, including Musical Greeting Cards. Magnificent collection free. Order now and make big money.—THOS. HOBKIRK, PRESTON.

A BLUE BIRD sample book of Xmas Cards can supplement your income. £2 £s weekly. Wonderful free collection of Calendars, Novelty, Floral and Musical Greeting Cards. Empress Manufacturing Co., Blackpool.

AGENTS Wanted, Chocolate, Biscuit, Toffee & Novelty Club. Good commission & Bonus.—J. D. Wilson, Hall Brow, Workington.

XMAS CLUB.—Chocolate & Novelties. Highest Com. Write to-day for Cat. Presents given.—BUNNAGE, 59, Salisbury Rd., Luton, Beds.

AGENTS wanted to run Christmas Chocolate Clubs. Write for special terms.—Leveridge Bros., Ltd., Norwich. Established 1900.

XMAS CLUB AGENTS WANTED. Best Catalogue in trade. Highest commission. Agents' prizes. Particulars free. — ESSANDAR CO., GUISELEY, YORKS.

EMPLOYMENT.

MOTOR DRIVERS. — COMMERCIAL and PRIVATE positions. The finest PRACTICAL training to standard R.A.C. Certificate at the lowest inclusive fee. Day or evening. FREE employment Dept. CALL (8-7) or write, THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, LTD., 5, COVENTRY ST., PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W.1. (Corner Rupert St., next Lyons' Corner House.)

BUY Ladies' Silk Stockings to sell again to friends, etc. Over 50 p.c. profit on our lines. Large cat. & real silk shade card free. Largest, cheapest & best house in trade.—Nicksons, Manufacturers, Broadway Chambers, London, W.6.

£265

IS NOW BEING OFFERED IN

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPH BEAUTY COMPETITION

BABY, SCHOOLGIRL, MAID AND MOTHER

What is your Face Value?

Everyone is beautiful in someone's eyes. Mother, baby, twelve-year-old Lucy and eighteen-year-old Joan—you all have an appeal of your own. Here, then, is an opportunity to turn face value to advantage. Enter Wright's simple family competition and win handsome CASH PRIZES. Every photograph will be judged strictly and fairly on its particular type of charm. Perfection of feature, winsome expression, lovable smile, pleasant homeliness—everyone has some individual appeal. The competition is in four groups—and you can enter any one of them. If you have an attractive child or baby, submit a photograph too. SEND IN YOUR ENTRIES NOW.

Class 'A.'	Class 'B.'	Class 'C.'	Class 'D.'
Photographs of children up to 5 years.	Photographs of children over 5 and up to 12 years.	Photographs of girls over 12 and up to 18.	Photographs of girls and women over 18.
First prize £20	**First prize £25**	**First prize £20**	**First prize £20**
Second " £5.5.0	Second " £7.7.0	Second " £10	Second " £20
Third " £3.3.0	Third " £5.5.0	Third " £7.7.0	Third " £10
10 prizes of £1.1.0 each.	10 prizes of £1.1.0 each.	10 prizes of £1.1.0 each.	10 prizes of £2.2.0 each.

THE FOLLOWING SHOULD BE CAREFULLY NOTED:

1. Name, address of photographer and class under which the subject is entered must be written distinctly in ink on the back of each photograph.
2. Photographs submitted must be taken by the sender, who must be an amateur. Photographs must not have been previously used in connection with any other competition or published in any way. Prizes awarded to the sender of the photograph and not to the subject.
3. No correspondence can be entered into in connection with this competition.
4. Competitors may send in as many photographs as they like, but each must be accompanied by three outside printed wrappers from Wright's Coal Tar Soap.
5. Lady Moira Combe and the Editor of the "Daily Sketch" will act as judges, and their decision must be regarded as final.
6. The last day for receiving entries is September 30th, 1930; the results will be announced in the London "Daily Mail" and London "Daily Sketch" on October 27th, 1930.
7. Photographs need not be mounted and will be returned provided that a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for their return.

Address entries to either Class A, B, C or D, "BEAUTY COMPETITION," WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP, 44/50, Southwark St., London, S.E.1.

£10 CASH XMAS BOX, together with highest genuine ALL-CASH COMMISSIONS, Chocolates, Fancies, Cutlery, Toys. Illustrated Catalogue; particulars free.—SANDERS & CO., Bertram Rd., Bradford.

2,000 AGENTS WANTED (EITHER SEX). MOST WONDERFUL CHANGE in Christmas Cards. Quicker Profit. Sure as a weekly wage. Information worth £££'s to every OLD AGENT, as well as NEW.—LANCASTER PUBLISHING CO. (Dept. 126), LANCASTER.

"MAYFAIR" CHOCOLATE CLUB.—Agents wanted. Write for special Catalogue. Gifts to all Agents.—(Dept. 20), 1, Holmes St., Bradford.

CAN YOU FORM A CLUB for Household Articles among your friends? If so, send for our New Catalogue, showing big range of goods which will sell themselves. Big Commission. Fullest particulars.—Hardy & Co. (Leeds), Ltd., 4, Albion Street, Leeds.

IF YOU WANT TO EARN MONEY in your spare time without risk or outlay, send postcard for full particulars to JOHN D. BLACKBURN, 5, CHURCH STREET, YORK.

THE BIGGEST XMAS CLUB Firm in the World. We are not, but we are the Best in Commission, Cash Prizes, Free Gifts AND DELIVERIES. See for yourself. Cheque 10/- given to every applicant.—ASSOCIATED CONFECTIONERS, ROOM 92, Shipley.

BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

"DO YOU ADVERTISE?" Advertisement inserted in 50 Provincial newspapers or London and Suburban, 7/10. Welsh, 2/3. Large or small Mail Order Campaign Experts. Advice free. Prospectus.—Central Press (Dept. 60), 222, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. 'Phone: Chancery 8113.

PRINTING.—10,000 Handbills or Billheads at 3/3 per 1,000. Samples of printing for all trades with list of 500 prices sent for 2d. postage.—Mead & Son, Room 60, Sandy, Beds.

CHEAP Printing.—Billheads, Handbills, Cards, 2/6 1,000; Posters and other Cheap Printing. Samples free. Fearson's, Church Rd., Portsmouth.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPERS DIRECT from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns post free.—West Riding Wallpaper Co., 32, Trinity Street, Leeds.

KNITTING WOOL BUNDLES, 1½ lb. 5/6, for Socks, etc. White 3/4. Grey 3/10. Mixtures 4/11 lb., post free. Patts. Wools, Serges, Tweeds, etc. Egerton Burnetts, W.B. Whitney, Wellington, Som.

RAZOR Blades, finest qual., Gillette type; 1 doz. 1/-, 3 doz. 2/9, both post free.—Group Rest., 39, Old Change, London, E.C.4. Buying Agents wtd.

FREEMANS CASH OR CREDIT

CELEBRATED SPARE TIME AGENCY

BOOTS, Gent's and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats, Costumes and Underwear, Carpets, Linoleum, Drapery, Gramophones, Bicycles, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, China, Toys, Baby Carriages, etc.

Men in regular employment appointed as Agents.

Largest stock in the trade. Liberal supply of samples. Highest Commission Paid. *Illustrated Coloured Catalogues.*

NO OUTLAY. ALL PROFIT.

Enquiries for Agency Invited.

LAVENDER HILL, LONDON.

WALLPAPERS.—Beautiful designs at bargain prices can be seen in our pattern book, by far the largest published. See what you save by purchasing from the original mail order firm. This book is sent Post Free.—Blakey, Morris and Co. (London), Ltd., Dept. J., 22, London Road, Elephant, S.E.1.

BALLOONS, Carnival Goods, Confetti, etc. Lists free and a sample of the new streamer. —Unwalla, 70-72, Arundel Street, Portsmouth.

SOMETHING NEW IN LADIES' MACS. A Real Mack which looks Just Like a Real Tweed Coat. This new and fashionable garment is advertised in this week's "Shop Window" (page opposite), and it's a real bargain. See for yourself.

RUG WOOL.—Bls. 6-ply 1-lb. Cable 1/11. Chenille 6½d., Knitting 1d., 1½d. 2d. or 6½d. and samples free.—Newcastle Wool Co., 161, New Bridge Street, Dept. 71, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

DOWN QUILTS. Purified Feather Down, only 15/9. Double-bed Size. Selling at 35/-. Send now.—Barjac Manufacturing Co., Peel Street, Shudehill, Manchester.

FOR WORKING MEN. Gent's Blue/Brown Bib Overalls and Coats 4/11 each. Chest measurement required. Gent's White Aprons, suitable for all trades, 1/6. Razor Blades, fine quality, unbeatable, 1/- doz., 2 doz. Gillette type. Everything carriage paid.—Minney's, 42, Rockingham Road, Kettering.

DUNKLEY PRAM (July, 1930, never used), value £9 10s., accept £5 5s. Approval pleased. —(Mrs.) Wheeler, 40, Broad St., Worcester.

LADIES' FEATHERWEIGHT MACKS (Raglan style), to clear at half usual price. Made of finest Egyptian cotton, folds small, won't crack. All usual colours and sizes. Bargain price, 8/9, post 6d. extra. O.S. double-breasted, 1/- extra. Send now.—F. A. Dent & Co., 23, Stamford Hill, London, N.16.

DRESS.

BABY'S BETTER QUALITY LAYETTE 30/- 75 costly home-made garments. Silk and Wool Shawl, Robes, Day Gowns, Flannels, 15 Terry Napkins, Vests, 3 Barras, Wool Coats, Nainsook etc. Guaranteed the best. Over 2,000 testimonials received. Prove the best by sending 2/- for parcel on approval, then judge yourself. Mother with 15 years' experience.—Mrs. J. Hoard, 66, Dover Rd., Portsmouth. 'Phone: Terminus.

REAL HARRIS & Shetland Homespuns direct from makers; best quality only; patterns free.—Harris Tweed Depot, 1, James St., Stornoway.

MUSICAL.

VIOLINS, Dreamers' Outfits, Saxophones, Ukuleles, Trumpets, Gramophones, etc., from 5/- deposit, 2/6 weekly. Lists free.—Palmer, 151, Knutsford Road, Middlebrough.

GRAMOPHONES.—Latest Models and parts. Cat. free. Cash or terms. Build your own model for £3. Instructions 3d. J. Burt, 185, High St., S.E.

ITALIAN Accordians, Violins, Mandolins, Phonofiddles, Concertinas, Ukuleles, Jazz, Banjuleles, Cornets, Banjolins.—Terms, Vickers, Royal Hill, Greenwich.

MARKETING BY POST.

TEA.—Buy direct. Save middlemen's profits. Indian and Ceylon blended. Empire blend, 4 lb. 5/-, 10 lb. 12/-. Standard blend, 4 lb. 6/-, 10 lb. 13/-. No 1 dust, 7 lb. 5/-, 10 lb. 7/6. Special dust, 7 lb. 6/-, 10 lb. 8/-. All carriage paid.—Poulter & Co., Dane Place, Bow, E.3.

TEA AT WHOLESALE PRICES SAVES MIDDLEMEN'S PROFITS. Indian and Ceylon Blends, 10 lb. 11/-, carriage paid. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send trial order. Portway Tea Co., 72, Portway, London, E.15.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets Are a Specialist's Positive and Permanent Cure. They cure most violent cases of family removing the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply or 12 stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Artico and Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New Discovery. Wonderful, no hard pads, no springs; durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd., (DEPT. 89), Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING. Genuine remedy proved by testimonials.—Write The Standard Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

BLADDER Weakness, Kidney Troubles, etc., cured by Parker's Fluid Remedy. 1/3, 3/-. Book, etc., or Parker's Remedy, Ltd., London 1 So

BLUSHING, NERVOUSNESS. Don't waste money on quack remedies; cure yourself as I did. Interesting book on cure of Self-consciousness sent privately for 3d.—Mr. Rivers (J.B.), 40, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

HIGH prices paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dentists' Plates (not Vulcanite). Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. —Bentley & Co., 10, Woodstock St., London, W.

ANY kind old gold, silver, jewellery, diamonds, old false teeth, platinum scrap, bullion. Highest cash by return.—Bell's, Upperhead Road, Leeds.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HOW TO DRESS WELL ON TEN SHILLINGS or one pound per month. For Ladies and Gentlemen. Open a Credit account with "Smartwear." No Deposit and no References required. We guarantee to fit you perfectly, or post on receiving your measurements. Call or write for Catalogue, sent post free.—Dept. A.B., Smartwear, Limited, Radnor House, 93-95, Regent Street, London, W.1.

£500 REWARD

Spare Time Workers' Opportunity.

The above is the estimated reward which will be shared by persons replying to this advertisement at once. Spare-Time Agency for the "SHIELD" CHRISTMAS CLUB.

From £5 to £500 can be easily earned in spare-time before Christmas, without any outlay or risk.

The "Shield" Club is the only Christmas Club offering Hire-Purchase Terms.

Our 128-Page Art Catalogue, containing about 300 Illustrations of Chocolates, Toys, Fancy Goods, Cutlery, Bedding, Cycles, Gramophones, etc., together with particulars, sample to your door on receipt of a postcard addressed to:—

THE "SHIELD" XMAS CLUB, Dept. 56, BRADFORD.

FREE Each Agent will receive a complete stock-taking outfit in a Fitted Fibre Writing Case absolutely free of charge.

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

I Guarantee your Satisfaction

SHOP BY POST SAVE TIME AND MONEY

JOHN BULL'S Shop Window brings a Bargain Store to Your Door. These goods have been chosen for their outstanding quality and value. Study each offer carefully. Write your name and address clearly, send money and notes by registered post. Always mention JOHN BULL.

Only reliable and fair-dealing firms are allowed to display their goods in JOHN BULL'S Shop Window. You can buy from them as safely as purchasing across a shop counter, for every article is sold under a strict guarantee of absolute Satisfaction or Money Back in full

READ HOW YOU ARE SAFEGUARDED

THE VERY LATEST IN MACKS!

Beautiful Quality Leatherette Coats fashioned in the new and pleasing

TWEED COAT STYLE Price **13/9** post free

A real Mack with the appearance of a real Tweed Coat, yet absolutely wind and storm proof. Very smart and just the thing for the coming rough weather. Fleecy lined, belted, two pockets, as illustrated. Price 13/9 post free. Double-breasted style 1/9 extra. Colours: Red, Blue, Brown and Black. Lengths: 36in., 40in., 42in., 44in. Be in the fashion and send for one of these serviceable coats to-day. Full satisfaction guaranteed. C.O.D. if desired.

E. A. DENYER & CO.
23, Stamford Hill, London, N.16.

BABY-CLOTHES

A COMPLETE LONG-CLOTHES LAYETTE **30/-**

76 BEAUTIFUL GARMENTS.

Best Emb. Robes, R'dips, Lawn or Wincyette Day Gowns, Silk & Wool Shawl, Wrapper Vests, L'cloth or Flan. Nighties, Binders, Long Back Flannels (Barras or Beds) Pitches, Wool Knitted Mat, Coats, Bibs, Terry Napkins, etc. Perfectly home-made and ready for use. WORTH £5. Expectant Mothers, send to me before attempting to make. A BARGAIN RECOMMENDED BY THOUSANDS OF DELIGHTED MOTHERS AND NURSES. Call, or send 2/- for parcel on approval (Bal. Cash or Terms).—Mrs. V. B. HOWARD, 66, Dover Rd., Portsmouth.

AUTOMATIC

STROPPING MACHINE

MODEL "A" FOR GILLETTE TYPE.
MODEL "B" FOR EVER-READY.

Accurately sharpens both edges at once. Simple, quick, perfect action. Highly nickel plated, fitted real leather strop. Saves you pounds and quickly pays for itself, as one blade definitely lasts for months, giving far easier shaves. No skill required. As sold at 7/6. BARGAIN PRICE 2/- (post 4d.).

Tube of best Razor Paste for use on strop 6d. extra.

PENN'S HIGH-GRADE GILLETTE TYPE BLADES. 1/- per PACKET of 10.

Send NOW P.O. or Stamps stating model required to:—

Wm. PENN (Dept. J.B.) 682, Holloway Road, London, N.19.

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SUMMER SALE of SHIRTS

UNREPEATABLE VALUE IN GENUINE LANCASHIRE COTTON MENS SHIRTS

6/11 POST FREE

There's nothing like Lancashire Cotton for real hard wear, and these Shirts at 6/11 constitute a bargain hitherto unheard of. Help to **KEEP LANCASHIRE BUSY.** Send P.O. and state size of collar. Write now—delay may mean disappointment. **Satisfaction positively Guaranteed.**

HINDLEY'S (Dept. J.B.), Water St., ST. HELENS.

8/6 TYRES for 4/3

We want every cyclist to try our New 1930 "Exo" UNPUNCTURABLE Cycle Tyres, and for the time being we are prepared to supply at HALF-PRICE. Sold everywhere at 8/6. Fitted with Unique Puncture Shield—the only shield which does not "slow" the speed. No more roadside delays—no more nasty patching.

GUARANTEED FOR 2 YEARS.

Thousands sold—thousands delighted. Thousands of testimonials. Price 4/3. Post 9d. Two 9/- post paid. State size. EASY RACK TERMS. Send for FREE catalogue of Cycles, Accessories, Novelties, etc.

TRADE ENQUIRIES INVITED. Dept. 89.

MOORHOUSES. PRESTON, LANCS

WANTED

One hundred persons (either sex) who have the ambition to earn a nice sum from now until Christmas in their spare time.

Would you like some crisp £1 notes to spend just as you please? Then, if you are enterprising, you can have the thing you so much want this very Christmas by selling Private Christmas Cards to your friends and acquaintances. This is the way. Address a postcard to us asking for one of the beautiful Sample Books. This book and full particulars will be sent you by return of post, quite free of charge. Perhaps you have had experience as an agent in previous years. If so, you will realise that a back number in Sample Books is useless to an enterprising agent. Our productions are miles ahead of all competitors. Get a real, live, money-making book, filled from cover to cover with irresistible designs—hand-painted, celluloid, jewelled, calendars, and novelties in unsurpassed variety. This beautiful new edition-de-luxe is acknowledged by experts to be far ahead of anything previously issued. No risk. No outlay. Remuneration most generous, and many valuable prizes in addition.

Apply JOHN RENSHAW & SONS, LTD.,
Dept. R. 153, Climax Works, Accrington.

THAT SHED YOU NEED!

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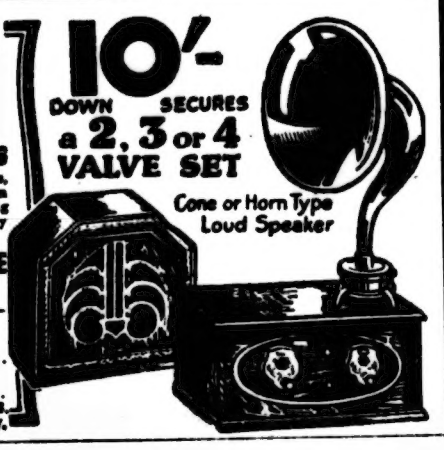

MORE POSTAL BARGAIN OFFERS appear on **PAGE 12**

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for Week ending Saturday, Aug. 23, 1930. Twopence. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, ½d., all other parts of the world, 1½d.

"If you see it in 'John Bull,' it is so"

The Next Labour Prime Minister?

Drama in the Cabinet

To Fight Stanley

Morrison steps up—and Uncle Arthur steps in?

THERE is a gripping little drama going on behind the scenes of the Labour Party just now.

"Uncle Arthur" Henderson — in official life the Foreign Secretary—is packing up the secretaryship of the Labour Party, and the intriguing point is: Who is going to follow the man who kept it all so quiet on the Labour front?

• • •

There is "Jim" Middleton, who has been the very able assistant secretary since the Party was formed.

There is the Rt. Hon. Arthur Greenwood, the Health Minister, who was formerly head of the Party Headquarters Research Department.

There is also Mr. Herbert Morrison, Minister of Transport and secretary of the London Labour Party.

• • •

We may be wrong, but we think Mr. Morrison will get the job. The only thing that stands in his way is his own modesty in pressing his claim.

But the main point, after all, is why Mr. Henderson is retiring. Is it because he is destined to be Labour's next Prime Minister?

Splinters

There are already signs of splinters in the round-table India conference.

The Indian delegates are now being appointed, but Mr. MacDonald is silent as to who will be the dozen men to represent the Government and the Liberal and Conservative parties.

Mr. Baldwin has taken his selection secret away on holiday. Labour men are nettled at the decision to give the Liberal corpse flesh-and-blood representation.

Speaking for ourselves, we are disquieted at the present indication that our delegates will be outnumbered by four or five to one.

All is not gold—

A sensational slump has taken place in the price of Stock Exchange nominations for membership.

A year or so ago a young man paid about £700 for this privilege. He has been bitterly disappointed.

The price he paid was cheap, for in the old palmy days it was anything up to £2,000, and there were other fees.

Recently he tried to sell his nomination. He was offered £200 and had reluctantly to refuse.

Cubby-hole

Modern improvements have altered Balmoral almost beyond recognition since the days when King Edward described it as the "draughtiest hole on earth."

• • •

So the King, who goes there this week, is not likely to suffer from his stay.

Now it is one of the few places where the King finds time for a comfortable smoke and a book.

A large crate of works of biography and travel is being sent up to the Castle for his use.

Wake up!

Why are so many widows applying for pensions under the new Pensions Act compelled to wait from four to eight months before any decision on their claims can be reached?

There is no real necessity for such dilly-dallying. When our Pensions Expert takes up a case complaining about delay, a decision can be reached within a few days.

We invite the Minister of Health to enquire into the evident laxity in his department.

We train them

Few people in this country realised the seriousness of the danger which has been threatening the Indian frontier.

But the India Office and the Government of India knew it only too well. Hence the strong reinforcements which were rushed to Peshawar.

Thousands of the hillmen who took part in the raid were highly-trained ex-soldiers of the Indian Army.

How long is India going to continue to train her enemies in this way?

Miss Bondfield, please

"Maggie" Bondfield has a lot to worry her. We must, however, present her with another anxiety.

Young men in the building industry are being turned out of unemployment training centres and placed on the industry at wages below standard until they become proficient.

• • •

These young fellows from the depressed areas have got to be found work, or they will stagnate. But Miss Bondfield should consult the unions about the tactics to be adopted.

Half a loaf is not better than no bread when it is somebody's else's slice.

Seeing red, white and blue

America is jealous of Britain's trade fascination for Russia. Before half of the Soviet fiscal year has expired something like £20,000,000 worth of orders have been placed over here.

In a few weeks' time a Russian deputation will arrive in England to negotiate orders for machinery and ships.

Uncle Sam's reply has been to send his engineers to Russia to get business on the spot. But the greater compliment is ours, since Russia troubles to come to us unasked.

"Made in Britain" is not such a dead slogan, after all.

Corner turned

After repeated slumps in membership during the last few years, the T.U.C. and the Labour Party executives will both be able to report to their coming Conferences that membership is now on the upgrade.

• • •

Under the T.U.C.'s scheme for granting a badge of honour to trade unionists who recruit ten new members, no fewer than 50,000 enrolments have taken place.

The Labour Party has added well over 100,000 to its individually paying members, and the number will be increased before the year is out.

A slippery throne

King Amanullah may not be out of a job much longer. Mining, financial and Russian interests are combining in a powerful attempt to hoist him back on the Throne of Afghanistan.

Fierce Afghans fear her

Amanullah is now under the protection of Mustapha Kemal, Dictator of Turkey, and it is known that his Queen, Souriya, whose Westernising efforts shocked her country, is actively involved in an armament intrigue.

But she and Amanullah will not find the job of crown-snatching in Afghanistan as peaceful a business as did the philandering and pseudo-romantic Carol in Rumania.

Stanley's lemon

Mr. C. B. Stanton, once a Labour M.P., then a Coalition Democrat, and later a National Liberal, is to contest Mr. Baldwin's seat at the next election.

Mr. Stanton will now fight as an Empire Crusader, but without the official nomination of the Press Barons. Mr. Baldwin may have caused wide dissatisfaction, but we doubt if he will be absent from the next elected House.

Dismal Johnny

John Burns, that once-splendid tribune of the people, is a very dejected figure just now. His gloomy predictions of a sad and sorrowful future for Britain are difficult to reconcile with his old, constructive statesmanship.

At seventy-six Mr. Burns is still younger than many men at fifty. We should like to hear of his dropping the mantle of gloom and putting his sturdy shoulder to the wheel of optimism.

Swings and roundabouts

It seems to have been overlooked that the reduced railway receipts are to some extent offset by the enormous increase in motor-coach holiday receipts.

For the railways very largely own the motor-coaches.

Here is an opportunity for true rationalisation at this moment of threatened wage cuts and wholesale sackings.

Some of the railwaymen should be absorbed by the motor-coaches as guards or mechanics.

Don't emigrate to this

Communist agents in the Ruhr coalfield are tempting German miners to work in Russia's Donetz basin. To keep the basic industries from collapse 70,000 additional skilled miners are urgently required.

Since there is reason to believe that attempts will be made to secure British recruits, we must explain why Russian miners are unavailable.

• • •

The monthly wage is 140 roubles—worth 6d. each in Russia. A contract for at least one year must be signed.

Housing and provisioning arrangements are so miserably inefficient that conscripted natives are constantly deserting.

The week and the work

A demand for a shorter working week will be put forward at the Trades Union Congress in Nottingham as one remedy for unemployment. Industrial workers are increasingly believing that mass production and up-to-the-minute machinery make it possible for three men to do the work four used to do.

• • •

Shorter hours, they think, would save the odd man from the sack.

There will have to be an understanding about this sort of thing if the T.U.C. is to continue with its sympathetic attitude towards rationalisation efforts.

Gosh!

London's wonderful bobbies have again been astonishing a foreign visitor.

Recovering consciousness in a hospital ward after a street accident, an American visitor, who was due to sail next day from Southampton, found that the police had telephoned to Southampton about his accident, called to notify his hotel, and tracked down his relatives, who were sightseeing in Richmond.

The expense and inconvenience avoided were enormous.

The American is still only able to manage a feeble but very grateful—Gosh!

Cheering up the Clyde

We have further cheerful news for the Clyde. Behind the scenes the shipbuilders are patiently anticipating important work that will provide jobs for thousands in the steel works, yards and engineering shops.

In addition to the new Cunarder and the two mail and passenger liners for the P. & O., the latter company is planning to place contracts for three more at an early date.

Cost of divorce

The need for the reform of the Divorce Law was sharply emphasised by a case recently heard at the Cardiff County Court.

Mr. Tom Lewis, a shipping merchant, was ordered to be committed for 42 days in respect of £86 arrears of alimony due to his former wife, who divorced him in 1929.

During the past six years £7,000 *has been spent in litigation.* This is monstrous—and absurd.

Portugal goes proud

For centuries Britain has sent proprietary-branded goods to Portugal, where their names are as familiar in Lisbon as in London.

In future, however, they must be branded in Portuguese, for shopkeepers in Portugal are commanded not to display showcards couched in any language but their own.

Shall we retaliate by finding another name for port?

Good time coming

That three million pounds which Mr. Baldwin accepted from Mr. Harriman, Standard Oil millionaire, to hold in trust for the national good, is still in Chancery.

This is not to say that nothing is being done. Fine premises have been secured in Old Queen Street, Westminster, to house the Committee who are to administer the windfall, and Mr. Tom Jones, Under-Secretary to the Cabinet, will control the secretarial work.

Given a little time, the Harriman millions should provide several sinecures.

The forgotten 900

Scattered throughout France, Belgium and Germany are 900 exiles for whom the public at home spare few thoughts.

They are the gardeners in the war cemeteries, and they tend, on an average, a thousand graves apiece, at a wage of £3 a week.

The wage is not wonderful, and there has been real privation when workers or their dependents have fallen sick so far from home.

It certainly behoves the authorities to provide adequate hospital and medical treatment. The country would not like to think that those who tend "some corner of a foreign field that is for ever England" are in any way neglected.

"If You See It—" *continued*

"Mother" of 60,000

Those who knew the 3rd London General Hospital during the world war will hear with appreciation of a proposed memorial to its wonderful matron, Miss Edith Holden, to which ex-Servicemen all over the Empire are being asked to subscribe.

Miss Holden was the tender "mother" of 60,000 wounded men who passed through the hospital. That names such as hers should be perpetuated is one of the few beautiful gestures emanating from war.

A world of monuments

We do not wonder that General Pershing wants to erase the monument to the 361st United States Infantry Regiment at Sivry-sur-Meuse. Similar memorials have been proposed to be erected all over the fighting area.

"In defiance"

The U.S. Battlefields Monument Commission, with General Pershing at its head, limited the number to seven.

In defiance of this decision, Mrs. H. P. Whitney, *née* Vanderbilt, erected an enormous "Doughboy" at St. Nazaire, and she is too influential to be annoyed. But if this sort of thing is to go on, America will look supremely ridiculous.

If a monument were erected wherever a British regiment had fired a shot, the inhabitants of this planet would not be able to creep between the plinths.

Something wrong

Sir John Ferguson, M.P. for Twickenham, would be well advised to invite the attention of the Ministry of Health to housing affairs in Isleworth.

Fifteen hundred people are awaiting council houses, but families from places outside, even Wales, have inexplicably been given accommodation.

Two families, one with four young children, have been sub-tenants, on the waiting list for houses, several years.

The actual tenants have now vacated them and the council intends in the next few days to put the sub-tenants into the street.

If they do so, we shall have more to say.

A miracle and a moral

We have the greatest admiration for Dr. David Robins, who carried out an amazing operation for appendicitis at sea with a carving knife, a pair of carpenter's pliers and a needle and thread, disinfecting the wound with gin.

But what greater proof of our continued assertion that it should be a matter of sea law for every vessel to carry a complete set of surgical instruments?

Every man aboard a British ship should be assured of decent, civilised aid in his hour of distress.

Car "doctors'" new ruse

Advertisements offering motor-cars at sacrifice prices because the owners have just died, or are going abroad, or have liabilities that they must meet at once form the latest ruse of the growing army of car "doctors."

It is a paying game. They simply buy up old crocks, and, with more cunning than skill, "patch them up" to give a temporary show of soundness.

By the time the dupe has discovered the truth they are far away, advertising other "big sacrifices."

Costly catalogue

Mr. W. A. Marsden, librarian at the British Museum, and a large staff of experts, have just embarked upon a titanic task that will occupy them until 1942.

They are cataloguing the books in their care, and it is estimated that the finished work will consist of 165 volumes of 500 pages apiece, the published price of which will be £400 for the set.

Students come from all parts of the world to study in Bloomsbury because of the facilities offered by our wonderful library. We should be proud of it.

Bottled poison

We are glad that Mr. Douglas Cowburn, the Camberwell Coroner, so strongly supported Dr. Williams' denunciation of "Lisbon Wine," manufactured by extracting the dregs from port wine casks and fortifying with methylated spirit.

This poisonous brew is strongly alcoholic, and its sale must be stopped.

We suggest that the case of Mrs. Anne Morris should be investigated by the police.

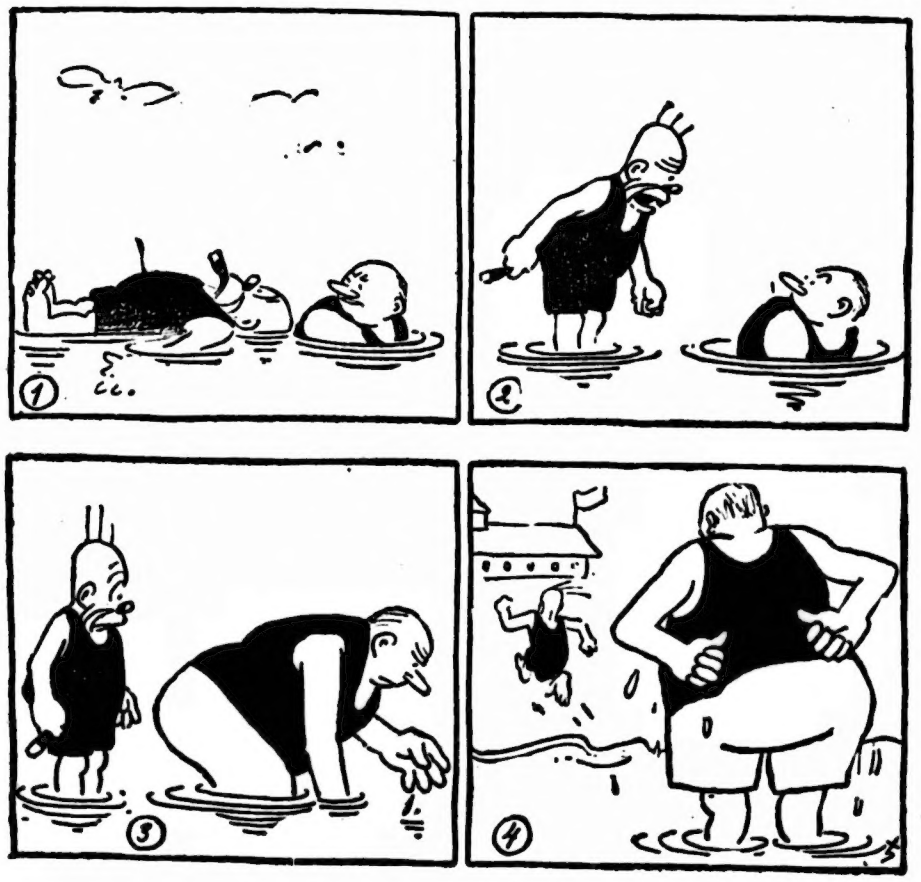
Robbing the sailors

Those who go down to the sea in ships—or do if they can find a job—are being victimised just now by unscrupulous fee-snatchers.

One particular offender advertises that for three-and-six he will find employment for beginners as stewards and clerks in the great liners.

But the only employment he finds for his dupes is the writing of numerous letters to shipping companies. These can be found from Lloyd's Register free at the public library.

ADAMSON— —Out of His Depth



"His decisive argument"

More Papworths

One of Mr. Lansbury's good deed was the successful appeal for funds provide the bathing pool which opened at the Papworth Tuberculos Village.

Cannot he follow this up by pressin on the Government the urgent ne for more settlements of the sam kind?

The testimony of Dr. Varrier-Jone the Medical Director, that the 1 children of consumptive parents a so far untouched by the disease shou be a decisive argument for extensio

Scots extraction

A person of the name of Moffatt h recently been victimising people in th West of England. His latest exploi were in Salisbury.

There he got work as an upholster —and he is a good workman—worme himself into the confidence of tho around him, told a tale of hardshi got advances, and then vanished with money and goods.

He is about 5 ft. 9 in., sallow fac rather dark hair. He speaks with Scots accent, and is accompanied b a wife and two children.

The crime

In the year of grace 1930 it is crime to shout "Cherry ripe!"

William and Matthew King, tw Walsall brothers, even went so far th other day as to shout "Strawberr ripe!"

They were both fined five shillings.

We would just like to add what wa left unsaid in court.

Both served four years with th Colours during the war. Each has wife and five children to support.

They pleaded guilty to doing "wha everybody else in the market wa doing."

That must have been working. Wha a crime.

Hell ships still

From Gateshead a father writes tell of a nightmare voyage to the Gol Coast just experienced by his son.

"They worked every day in th blazing sun," he writes, "and got n medicine till it was too late. They le ten men ashore with fever, three o whom died."

We pride ourselves that we hav advanced since the "bad old days" a sea, but all too frequently has JOH BULL to denounce the shameful lack awnings and other amenities in Britis ships in tropical waters.

Behind the panel

According to disclosures made at th last meeting of the Insurance Com mittee, some of the chemists of Hu are not being so careful as they ough to be in the dispensing of pan patients' prescriptions.

* * *

Tests that have been made of th drugs and medicines supplied t patients have resulted in unsatisfac tory reports.

At one meeting alone disciplinar action had to be taken against thre chemists. In one case there was a 2 per cent. deficiency in the drug sup plied, and in another case 12 per cen

TELL *the* TRUTH ABOUT MARRIAGE

by EVELYN WAUGH

"It seems to me the only sensible way is to teach the children"

THERE is nothing essentially "modern" in making a mess of one's marriage, although, to hear people talk, you might suppose that there were. Unhappy marriages are as old as monogamy.

The thing that is modern about them is the admission of failure and the cheerful readiness to start again.

A hundred years ago people were continually getting tired of their wives or husbands, just as they got tired of their neighbours and the district in which they lived and the colour of their own hair, but they just regarded these things as inevitable and put up with them.

There were plenty of other things to amuse them.

Nowadays, in spite of the enormous multiplication of ostensible amusements, people seem to grow more and more interested in the one amusement that civilisation and mechanisation have been quite unable to change: the simple old amusement of sex.

Responsible people—doctors, psychologists, novelists—write in the papers and say, "You cannot lead a happy life unless your sex life is happy."

That seems to me just about as sensible as saying, "You cannot lead a happy life unless your golf life is happy."

Fear of ugliness

IT is not only nonsense, it is mischievous nonsense. It means that the moment a wife begins to detect imperfections in her husband she thinks her whole life is ruined.

It also means that the great number of young men and women who realise by looking in the looking-glass that they are of homely appearance and that there is only a small chance of their ever inspiring an ardent romantic passion in anyone regard themselves as condemned to perpetual unhappiness.

Do let us get away from this sentimental attitude. Sex instinct in most cases is a perfectly mild and controllable appetite which would never cause most of us any serious trouble at all if it was not being continually agitated by every sort of hint and suppression.

Even in the case of peculiarly fiery natures, the sex interest only predominates for about half the active life.

The modern attitude is to pretend that it is improbable for two people to remain married and faithful for the whole of their lives, and that the moment a couple's physical interest in each other begins to slacken, it is their duty to look for other mates.

The Church is accused of being out of date because it has maintained its laws in disregard of this superstition.

The law of monogamy and indissoluble marriage has, of course, been one of the factors which has determined the development of Western civilisation. There is practically no branch of our art or history or of our daily lives that is not in some way influenced by it.

It depended originally upon both a material and spiritual sanction. The material one was purely economic. It was assumed that every member of the community had divisible, tangible possessions of some kind which would be inherited by his children.

It was assumed that marriage produced children; it was assumed that women required protection and financial support from men.

The marriage laws of the West, with love variations from state to state, were framed to safeguard the situation created by these assumed conditions. It is fashionable to speak of these assumptions as false and consequently of the law as being obsolete.

But are they?

It is true that the trend of modern development is in a contrary direction, but it is still far too early to speak of any of the three assumptions I have quoted as being completely superseded.

The present tendency is for workers to live in rented tenements and work with machines whose value, perhaps, exceeds their whole life earnings.

But workers of this kind are only one section of the community, and the greater part of our agriculture and retail trade is still organised on a basis of property transferable from father to son.

In all such cases a doubtful and divided parentage would be fatal.

So, too, with birth control.

This is a science still in an experimental stage. People speak as though it were something which mankind had completely mastered, something of which the knowledge was only withheld from prejudice or malice.

So, too, with the economic independence of women. This is far from having become completely developed. We see these tendencies, but we have no knowledge of what hidden tendencies may also be present to frustrate them.

The State's job

LAW can only legalise existing conditions. If, however, the conditions hinted at, at present, do really come into being, then it seems to me the material basis for our marriage laws *has* completely altered, and it is the State's job to sanction this change.

On the other hand, the spiritual sanction, which is guarded by the Church, is completely unshaken because it rests, not on exterior transitory conditions, but deep in man's nature.

It rests on the two great truths: first that man's sex life is only a part of his general activity.

He owes an obligation to the rest of the community and he cannot fulfil that if he spends his whole time thinking about fresh love-affairs and his own sex-appeal.

Hell-fire threats

SECONDLY, one's sex-nature is most fully satisfied not in variety but in intensity of experience.

By developing and broadening his relationship with one mate he can achieve a relationship which, when it ceases to be sexual, does so by becoming something more important.

There are a number of people who maintain that the only interesting part of a love affair is the preliminary courtship and the first surrender. That shows a very silly disposition, and, to guard against it, Church law demands absolute fidelity to one mate.

This law has in every age seemed unnecessarily rigid to some people.

A great deal of the Church's influence has been wielded by condemning silly things as sins and threatening hell-fire.

These threats have ceased to be terrifying to that part of the population—the less highly educated—to whom they were chiefly addressed.

There is only one way in which people can now be impressed with the unimportance of sex in its narrow sense and the importance of marriage in its widest sense; that is by allowing the greatest possible freedom to young people in finding out the truth.

By the present system of education the one thing that is hidden is the actual facts about sex; as a natural result they regard this as the most important thing of all.

When they find that after some time of marriage sexual relations are not so absorbingly interesting as they had been led to suppose, they think it is because they have made a mistake in their choice of a mate.

Then they get into the divorce courts.

Wed for Curiosity

THERE seems to me only one modern and sensible way to deal with what is called the "marriage problem."

Teach children the biology and hygiene of sex; teach them it is not infinitely important or infinitely satisfying.

Teach them fully about birth control and encourage them to find out for themselves exactly how much sex is likely to mean in their own lives: they will not then marry out of curiosity or inexperience.

Arrange a system of legal marriage, registered by the State, dissoluble, like any other legal contract, by mutual consent.

Then leave it to the Church to show the sacramental importance of marriage to her own members.

It is because the law of the Church rests upon a real human need that she need not fear for its survival.

BRIGHTEST *of the* YOUNG PEOPLE

IN this sane and penetrating article Mr. Evelyn Waugh, the well-known young author and social satirist, reviews the subject of marriage, upon which important pronouncements have just been made by the Lambeth Conference of Bishops.

Frankly and fearlessly, he discusses those various problems which beset the minds of many young people to-day.

TREAD ON THAT BANDIT

Bishops in the Clouds—Unbenevolent "Uncles"—The Sneer at A. J. Cook

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

The Most Rev. COSMO LANG,
Archbishop of Canterbury

YOUR GRACE,—Others discern in the report of the Lambeth Conference of Bishops a new spirit in Church thought. I can see none. You and the bishops are as oblivious as ever to the great modern problems of poverty, slums, and unemployment.

You bless contraceptives and speak of lifting sex into a pure and clean atmosphere, while overcrowding is rotting the morality and the physique of masses of the poorest people.

You are concerned with the subject races: you have not a word on the underfeeding of millions of British children whose fathers seek for work where there is none.

No wonder that, as you say, a "large number of younger men and women of to-day are alienated from the Church and from organised religion."

JOHN BULL.

Mr. A. J. COOK,
Miners' Federation, Russell Square, W.C.

DEAR "A. J.,"—So they are taunting you with having dropped the firebrand. And Herbert Smith it was who loosed the sneer.

Yet Herbert should know that history repeats itself in you as in other now steady and useful men of all spheres who are in the high places.

That first burning enthusiasm is the true indication of the steady driving power to come.

Get on with your job. JOHN BULL.

A. L. F. GREENE, Esq.,
Chairman Stock Exchange Committee

DEAR SIR,—I am glad to hear that you are taking steps to render a repetition of the Hatry crash impossible.

But the recommendations of your special sub-committee, designed to limit the period of currency of temporary documents, ignore the true cause of the Hatry and the many similar minor catastrophes.

That cause is over-capitalisation.

If your Committee will scrutinise carefully every case where a suspicion of over-capitalisation is possible, and refuse its certificate until that suspicion is removed, the investing public will feel a little safer.

But not till then.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. HERMAN PRIME,
Quarryman, Matlock

DEAR PRIME,—Finding that a terrier had fallen down a disused lead-mine and that for five days all efforts at rescue had proved unavailing, you offered to descend.

Dangling sixty feet down at the end of a rope, in constant danger from falling masses of earth and stones, you reached the poor creature and succeeded in bringing it safely to the surface.

You richly deserve the National Canine Defence League's silver medal, which will carry with it the gratitude and admiration of every dog lover.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. CYRIL CLANCY,
Liverpool Police Court Missionary

DEAR SIR,—I am glad to hear of the good work you do in reconciling wives and husbands who quarrel. Often the difference starts over a silly trifle, and then your friendly and wise advice ends in the kiss, which is your prime recipe.

You are a wholesome figure in this topsy-turvy world. Long life to you!

JOHN BULL.

Mr. B. WALTER SAMUEL,
Swansea

DEAR MR. SAMUEL,—My congratulations on taking your seat as the new Recorder at Merthyr Tydfil Quarter Sessions.

You are a splendid example of the way in which intelligence and determination can overcome adverse circumstances.

While working in the pit you devoted your spare time to study, and after qualifying for the Bar became Member of Parliament for Swansea West.

Not a bad record for a miner.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. CLARKE HALL,
Old Street Magistrate

DEAR SIR,—You were very right to call attention to the scandal of the unregistered pawnbroker. I trust that the Inland Revenue will take up your challenge and rout out these pests, who prey on the innocent and unwary.

At the same time the maximum fine of £100 seems to me grossly inadequate for such a serious offence.

On the other hand, licences are too lightly granted. It is grotesque that a man on the dole should be licensed as a money-lender, as was done with James Clark recently at West Ham.

JOHN BULL.

Brig.-Gen. LORD THOMSON,
Air Ministry

DEAR LORD THOMSON,—I trust that you will insist on a full and *open* inquiry into the Meopham aeroplane disaster.

The verdict at the inquest leads nowhere, and the Coroner's (Mr. E. C. Harris) remarks on the risk of single-engined planes carrying passengers across Channel, though fully justified, does not touch the crux of the matter.

The public wants to know why this German plane went to pieces in the air. And I am sure that the Walcot Air Line will want to know that too.

JOHN BULL.

The Rt. Hon. J. R. CLYNES, M.P.,
Home Office

DEAR CLYNES,—I ask you, on behalf of the public, to put your foot down on the motor-bandits. This menace of our roads is becoming every day more deadly.

The well-advertised new precautions of our police are laughed at by the modern highwayman.

And I put it to you, in all earnestness, that, unless the reign of terror is checked, we must expect ultimately a state of lawlessness which will rival that of Chicago.

Whenever these bandits are caught there must be crushing penalties.

JOHN BULL.

Sir JOSEPH MAUNG GYI,
Government House, Rangoon

YOUR EXCELLENCY,—All best wishes at the start of your term of office as the first Burmese Governor of Burma. I can understand the local enthusiasm which greeted your entry of Government House.

It is a significant step. And it shows how smoothly the change to full self-government may be made when reform is not made a stunt by hysterical agitators.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. R. W. BENNET,
Canadian Premier, Ottawa

DEAR PREMIER,—However many people it may disappoint, I congratulate you upon the decision to restrict migration when you have 150,000 unemployed in Canada.

Yours is the open and honest course. The allure of a new country has too often been exploited. We have seen tragedy and tears.

Now you will be free to discuss with an open mind the British Government's new plan to settle and finance self-supporting communities of migrants.

JOHN BULL.

STRAIGHT *from the Shoulder*

MR. H. C. A. BINGLEY: "Nobody can leave a car for ten minutes without somebody trying to steal it."

And then usually they get off by calling it a joy-ride.

* * *

MR. SYDNEY T. GARLAND: "A woman spends hours and hours in a shop getting to know things."

Without getting to know what it feels like to be a shop-assistant.

* * *

MR. HENRY FORD: "America cannot hope permanently to provide goods for other countries."

Then why not stop over-production?

* * *

MR. H. G. WELLS: "I don't mean Christianity. I mean the teaching of the man Jesus."

A distinction with a big difference.

Not from the B.B.C.—Mr. John Beckett, M.P. Ten Minutes' Talk on—

The TYRANNY *of the* TOPPER

IF the world does not know me, John Beckett,
Well, that is the fault of the world.
If it treats me with scorn I don't reck it!
Though it jeers, yet my flag is unfurled!
For long have I followed the one light—my own—which no bushel shall hide;
I play for a place in the sunlight,
And not for my side.

Full oft have I stated my viewpoint—
Which critics receive with a smile;
Asserting it offers no new point—
And ticked off my leaders in style.
But all of these moves were derided,
I was falling behind in the race
For publicity, so I decided
On pinching the Mace.

If you know nothing else you know this much
Of me—which is more than enough!
If my speeches you miss you won't miss much,
My enemies say. But I'm tough;
They praise, or insultingly flout,
So, whether with voices caressing
I'll fight the good fight against messing
And mucking about!

As I told the I.L.P. Summer School, the present policy of tinkering and mucking about with unemployment is a waste of time.

What we have to do is to get down to essentials. "Effective Socialist reform," as I also pointed out, "means eliminating silk hats, stockings, breeches, swords and cocked hats."

Do you wonder I criticise a Government that has failed so lamentably to grapple with the real problems of the hour? After having been for months in office it has not even attempted to end the shameful scandal of knee-breeches!

One of its first acts should have been to proclaim an everlasting close season for cocked hats. But instead, it messed about with disarmament conferences and other trivial matters.

Some people, lacking my realistic grip of political economy, regard my recent rape of the Mace as mere comic relief. But, in showing my disrespect for that bauble, I struck a more effective blow for the unemployed than has been dealt by any member of the Cabinet.

To the devil with all tinkering trivialities, is what I say.

Some talk of taxing foodstuffs, and
Of large roadmaking schemes
Designed to aid the unemployed;
But I, for one, am not decoyed
By such fantastic dreams.
In stern realities immersed,
I'm out to deal with first things first;
To put an end to gauds accursed—
Like buckled shoes and gloves—or burst!

Relief from current social ills
Alas! we shall not gain,
As all deep thinkers understand,
Until plus-fours are sternly banned
And all their wearers slain;
Along with those who wear silk hats,
Or shamelessly disport in spats!
"And what of those who harbour bats?"
You ask—to which I answer
"Rats!"

ONLY OVER SNOWDEN'S BODY!

by A. G. Gardiner

Mr. Snowden can stop the stampede.

THE Press is full of rumours that the Labour Party is about to swing over to Protection. It is stated that at the Trade Union Congress next month it will be proposed that the trade unions in the various industries shall be left free to vote for protective tariffs against foreign competition in their own trades.

At the Labour Party Conference in October the attack on Free Trade will proceed on other lines.

Two demands, it is said, will be put forward—

The prohibition of all imports made under sweated conditions abroad.

The imposition of a general tariff of 10 per cent for "revenue purposes," with a rebate for the Dominions, to be imposed for a limited period.

These are not irresponsible guesses.

Wavering masses

The *Daily Herald*, which is the official organ of the Labour Party, and may be assumed to know what is going on behind the scenes, says that both these plans are under consideration, and that the 10 per cent. general tariff has been put before the Cabinet in a memorandum from the Government Economic Advisory Committee.

That does not mean that either will be adopted as the Labour Party policy, but it does mean that formidable masses of Labour opinion are wavering, and that the next election may not be a clear-cut issue between Protection and Free Trade; but a struggle between rival brands of Protection, with the attenuated Liberal Party standing forlornly for the unadulterated gospel of Free Trade.

It sounds paradoxical that there should be even a possibility of Toryism and Labour running a neck-and-neck race for the same goal; but it is not so odd as it sounds. It has occurred before.

It has occurred most notably in Australia, where Labour is the backbone of the high Protection which has reduced that country to its present desperate straits.

I am reminded that it is not only Labour which is wavering. It is idle to deny that the general electorate is wavering too.

Revealing ballot

In the recent ballot conducted in JOHN BULL 40 per cent. of the votes were cast for food taxes.

The significance of this is the more striking because there has been no propaganda for Protection in these columns and I personally have been allowed by the Editor the utmost freedom to state the case for Free Trade.

I propose to exercise that freedom now by putting a few considerations to the Labour Party before it takes the plunge—if it is going to take the plunge. I will take the points in the programme seriatim.

First as to the proposal that each trade union shall have a free hand to vote for Protection for itself. No one can deny, of course, that many trades subject to foreign competition would individually prosper by Protection.

But you cannot protect one trade without protecting all that can be protected. And the question is, would the nation collectively prosper by such a policy?

Would all that vast mass of the consuming class engaged in industries that cannot be protected—postmen, policemen, tram-men, waiters, shopmen, builders, milkmen, printers, civil servants, taxi-men, domestic servants and a thousand more—prosper under a general tariff?

We are all consumers, and it is the interests of the consumer that are sacrificed under Protection.

With the proposal to prohibit "imports made under sweated conditions abroad" I have much sympathy. But where is the line to be drawn?

The only test of sweating is the wage test. Wages in this country are higher than in any country in Europe—a fact worth pondering on.

Are we to say that all goods produced below our wage standards are sweated goods? If so, all trade with the Continent must be prohibited.

Is that practical politics?

I come to the proposal of a general 10 per cent. tariff for "revenue purposes." The qualification, in the absence of an equivalent excise duty, is camouflage. Such a proposal is naked Protection.

How will it help industry? What are the trades in which unemployment is most rife? Cotton, wool, shipbuilding, engineering, coal. Precisely those trades in which there is no competition from abroad, or so little as to be negligible.

Drowned in the "pools"

But everything which those industries use will be taxed—and will be dearer.

The Leicester shoe manufacturer will pay more for his leather, the Welsh tin-plate trader more for his foreign tin-plates on which his world-wide industry is founded.

This is not a proposal to diminish unemployment. It is a proposal to manufacture unemployment.

One word as to the grandiose nostrum of import boards by which prices are to be stabilised at a figure that will enable the producer to squeeze the consumer at his will.

They are supposed to be an answer to the Canadian and American "pools" which are designed to get a stranglehold on the European consumer. But the "pools" have failed egregiously. Prices of all commodities have not risen: they have fallen with an unprecedented crash. And the Canadian combines are full of the unsold wheat of 1928 and 1929.

Let us suppose that we had had an import board in 1926, buying wheat and other commodities on a colossal scale at the high prices that then prevailed—with the same prices guaranteed to the home producer. How many hundreds of millions should we have lost by that idiotic transaction?

We should have made the foreign "pools" a triumph, but we should have done it at ruinous cost to the British taxpayer and consumer.

Take an illustration of how these protective expedients work. South Africa has "stabilised" the price of home-grown sugar at £25 a ton. The world price is just half—£12 10s. per ton. The tax on imported sugar is therefore 100 per cent.

But South Africa grows more sugar than it can consume. The result is that the producer squeezes the home consumer to the extent of £25 per ton and sends the balance abroad at £12 10s. a ton. In a word, the home consumer is bled white in order that the foreigner may have cheap sugar dumped upon him.

Is that an example for our imitation? It has brought disaster to Australia and hardly less to South Africa.

Here, with our enormous industrialised population, dependent on the world for the materials of its manufacturers, it would be suicide.

No one knows this better than Mr. Snowden, and if Labour takes this plunge it will be over his fallen body. But if he is to stop the stampede he and Mr. MacDonald must face the facts.

The blind eye

The core of our trouble is clear, and Protection will not cure it. It will only whitewash it. Wages in this country to-day are where they were in 1924. The price of commodities in the interval has fallen 30 per cent.

In other words, the relative cost of labour has risen by a third, and we can no longer produce at a competitive price against countries where wages have followed the price of commodities.

Protection is not a remedy for these evils. It is only a vain attempt to dodge them. It is a way of turning a blind eye on realities.

But these economic realities remain, and the longer we refuse to recognise them the harder our punishment will be.

Homely Wisdom— —by CANON R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

HUMAN SERPENTS

ONCE when I was in the West Indies, I was reading on a verandah shaded by foliage. Hearing a slight rustle, I looked up sharply. There on a level with my face and about 2 ft. away was an enormous tarantula.

I struck at it with a stick I had in my hand and the diabolical-looking thing disappeared.

The incident was over in a flash, but the memory of it that remains with me is chiefly that of the malignity that shone out of the creature's piercing eyes. Those eyes meant mischief.

Such repellent characteristics are not confined to the lower creation.

There is something to be said for the view I once heard advanced by a Swedenborgian divine, that the organisms that sting and tear and devour in the jungle and the deep are the projections of what is vile and hellish in human nature, and that if we could eliminate all that is evil in ourselves, all slaughter and terror would vanish from the rest of the world.

WHETHER the theory be true or not, there is no denying that the most murderous of all creatures is man, and that everything that hurts and destroys in the nature that surrounds us has its parallel in our own.

When Slatin Pasha was the prisoner of the Khalifa, before Lord Kitchener cleaned up the Sudan, he had to accustom himself daily to the sight of the most horrible atrocities perpetrated upon the weak and helpless; but he avowed that nothing seemed to him so utterly dreadful as the pitiless eyes of the women.

It seemed to him so unnatural, so little like what we are accustomed to expect of the gentleness and tenderness of our English mothers and sisters.

THESE harpies of the desert seemed rather to gloat over the sufferings of their captives than to betray any hint of compassion or of desire to comfort or heal.

Do not imagine that we are free from all reproach of this kind.

Arnold Bennett speaks in his diary of the hardness to be seen in the face of a certain type of Englishwoman. The poor? No, not the poor—rather the set who have nothing to do in life but enjoy themselves, and mean to do it at any cost to others.

And no snake is more vicious or more to be shunned than the man or woman of slanderous tongue or biting envy or implacable vindictiveness.

The human being who can wilfully destroy the happiness of a home or ruin the reputation of a neighbour deserves to be expelled from all decent society.

His affinities (or hers) are with the creatures that kill with fang and talon and seek their prey in the dark.

Poignant Baby BURIAL Drama

"Took his accordion out to earn a few coppers"

NO father can ever have had to face a more ghastly ordeal than that experienced by Mr. Richard Archer, of College Street, Portsea, Portsmouth, the other day, when taking his still-born child for burial.

After carrying the tiny coffin a distance of nearly two miles he was met with the bitter fact that twopence-halfpenny stood between him and the decent burial he desired; and all his entreaties failed to move the official, who impressed this fact upon him.

The story is one of the most poignant tragedies of poverty we have ever encountered.

Archer is an ex-soldier and ex-miner who has fallen upon hard times, but although he has passed though a gruelling and prolonged spell of unemployment, he is battling bravely to provide for his wife and two children.

The other day, in a last desperate effort, he took his accordion out to play in the streets of Portsmouth, hoping thereby to earn a few coppers that would provide a morsel of food.

Double shock

Weeks of semi-starvation, however, coupled with a legacy of malaria from his war services, rendered him unequal to the strain of tramping the streets on a weary, endless round.

He collapsed suddenly in a fit, and had to be carried back to the one room in College Street which constitutes his "home."

The shock of seeing her husband carried in in his dreadful plight proved too much for Mrs. Archer, and brought on a premature birth.

She herself had to be carried away to the Royal Portsmouth Hospital to undergo a very serious operation. As a result her child was still-born.

These tragic tidings were brought to Archer, still weak and ailing himself, together with a request to attend at the hospital to take away the baby for burial.

Pitiful little box

Any parent will realise Archer's feelings at that moment, with his wife lying critically ill and with two small children at home.

Misty-eyed and heartbroken, he fed these two little mites as best he could, and leaving them at home, set forth on his dismal mission.

With little more than two shillings left in the world, the employment of an undertaker was out of the question, but Archer was able to persuade a kindly grocer to let him have a small wooden box, from which a coffin was improvised.

With all possible reverence the little child was laid in this receptacle, and Archer commenced his long tramp to the Milton Cemetery, belonging to the City of Portsmouth authorities.

On reaching the cemetery he went straight to the office of the registrar to make the necessary arrangements for the child's burial.

He presented the death certificate to the cemetery official, who informed him that the usual burial fee would be 2s. 6d.

Archer brought forth every penny his ragged pockets could muster. Alas! he had only 2s. 3½d. He was 2½d. short of the requisite fee.

Astounding

The official could only shake his head and tell the grieving father that unless the proper fee were forthcoming the burial could not proceed.

There was nothing Archer could do but tender some explanation of the terrible poverty in which he and his little family were living; of the sudden tragedy that had overwhelmed them; and of the fact that the 2s. 3½d. represented everything he had left in the world.

Officialdom remained adamant, however. The 2s. 6d. must be paid, in accordance with the regulations, or the pitiful little coffin must be removed from the cemetery precincts at once.

Archer protested that he had no more money, and, finally, he turned brokenly away, leaving the coffin and the 2s. 3½d. lying beside it.

But this gesture of broken-hearted despair was futile, for a porter was promptly sent to deposit the tragic coffin outside the cemetery gates.

Archer gathered it up reverently and would have been forced to carry it back to his little one-roomed "home," had not a kindly passer-by, noticing his grief, questioned him as to his trouble.

When the position had been explained, the newcomer provided the necessary 2½d. demanded by the authorities.

Right the wrong

Thus, thanks to the timely intervention of a stranger, the infant was ultimately laid to rest. But what a terrible ordeal for a stricken father; and what heartless hair-splitting on the part of the authorities.

Such inhumanity can seldom have been shown to a citizen of any town, and we hope the authorities of Portsmouth will be sufficiently moved to take steps to right the wrong that has been done.

A practical move would be to help Archer to find employment, for he and his family are in desperate need.

The Tours of WINSOME WINNIE

BEWARE of Mrs. Winnie Gordon! She is a middle-aged woman with pleasant features and the gift of compelling attention by her charm of manner.

Her "hobby," so she will tell you, is to devote herself to charitable works. Poor children in need of free meals and fresh air are nearest to her heart, and her leisure hours are devoted to working on their behalf.

She was recently paying house-to-house calls in North London, collecting for a certain children's fresh air fund, which is popularly recognised as a most deserving cause.

She met with a kindly reception wherever she called, and silver and coppers flowed freely into her collecting box.

But the police received certain information about her, and thought it advisable to make one or two inquiries.

The result was that they discovered that she had no right to collect on behalf of the charity she named.

Her movements were then followed, and she was eventually taken into custody.

She was charged at Ponders End with fraudulently obtaining money as an unauthorised charity collector, but the case being adjourned, she was granted bail.

When due to appear again, Mrs. Gordon failed to do so, and the police have since been looking for her in vain.

* * *

News reaches us that she has lately been active in several Midland towns, including Bradford and Leeds.

She has also passed variously as Winifred Littler and Winifred Jackson.

So long as they are brazen enough, any persons can thrust a box or list before a stranger and ask for a donation on behalf of some reputable charity.

But we would remind our readers that *bona fide* collectors carry an officially stamped authorisation certificate, which they must produce on demand.

Bear this in mind if you are in any doubt when the next charity collector calls upon you.

BEACH FUN

"You can scarcely throw a stone at a seaside resort without hitting an entertainer of some kind," says a contemporary.

And we might add that you can scarcely turn round on the beach without seeing someone reading the "JOHN BULL Holiday Annual." It's full of holiday fun—sixty-eight pages for sixpence. A capital holiday companion.

PHANTOM PUPS by Post

SOMETHING for nothing is an infallible lure, but we would earnestly warn our readers against responding to box number advertisements offering a free pedigree pup to dog lovers promising a good home.

A number of people who have already replied to announcements of this type are sadder and wiser to-day, for they have been impudently imposed upon.

* * *

Their replies were answered by a letter which purported to come from a "Mr. Leigh-Wood," of Abbey Road, Abbey Wood, who implied that the applications for a free pup had been "passed" to him by a "Mr. Hill," of Brixton Road, London, S.W.

Mr. Leigh-Wood, for his part, expressed his readiness to send a free pedigree Airedale pup in each case, providing the dog-lover first sent 5s. for a basket and 2s. 3d. to cover the necessary postage.

The payment on the basket was to be regarded in the nature of a deposit, and would be refunded if the basket were ultimately surrendered.

* * *

It all sounded straightforward and honest to the various applicants, each of whom naturally supposed that he alone was being favoured.

The fact remains that Mr. Hill collected upwards of 250 replies from the newspaper in which he advertised, and that letters subsequently forwarded to the address he gave in Brixton Road have been returned by the postal authorities marked: "Gone Away."

Meanwhile, those who have sent money and have never received the promised pup complain that their letters to Mr. Leigh-Wood are simply ignored.

The warning about pigs in pokes applies equally to pups.

A BIG FILM BUBBLE

Mr. Justice Eve said one of these companies (International Talking Screen Productions, Ltd.) looked like a ramp

SOME company promoters can on occasions exhibit as trusting an optimism as the most credulous of their investors.

But their faith usually takes the line of a blind trust in the public they seek to serve. Sometimes it comes off, sometimes it doesn't.

We are prompted to these reflections by the news of the formation of a company known as Audible Filmcraft, Ltd.

We have learned of the inception of this company with very mixed feelings, and our concern has not been lessened now that some of its projected activities have been made public.

Primarily it appears that Audible Filmcraft has been formed with the intention of taking over the business relics of four rocky film companies, including International Talking Screen Productions, Ltd., British Screen Productions, Ltd., and British Filmcraft Productions, Ltd.

Two of these companies, the British Screen Productions and British Filmcraft, were severely criticised in John Bull months ago.

The records of all of them present sorry reading for the luckless shareholders

Each of them had originally been capitalised on the most lavish scale, and most of the public's money that had flooded in during the boom days has gone with practically nothing left to show for it.

Down the drain

Now these same shareholders are to be asked to contribute 1s. 6d. for each share which they now hold, and with the money thus acquired the bright minds behind this venture propose to galvanise the corpses into life.

The financial manœuvre called a "merger" is of course a well-known and often successful expedient for resuscitating an expiring business. Against it as a measure we have nothing to say.

Its feasibility in this case is another matter. Judging from the comments in the trade Press and the opinions of informed persons in the kinema world, we can say at once that every 1s. 6d. per share produced has every prospect of vanishing as speedily as the original capital invested.

Our beliefs on this point are strengthened by our knowledge concerning the condition of affairs in the film trade generally.

Among the newly-announced members of the Board of Directors is one name—Edward Cook.

We think that before shareholders reply to the demand made to them for further capital they should know something of Mr. Cook, who is going to bear a large share of the direction of the spending of their money.

Edward Cook is a Dutchman, whose real name is Kokoek. Three years ago he was managing director of British Filmcraft Productions, which the present company hope to include in their merger.

Readers of John Bull will recall the exposure we made at that time of Cook's activities in connection with Bathing Belle Competitions and Film Beauty Contests which he was holding up and down the country.

Friends once more

Girls all over the country were deluded by this stupid stunt, and Cook used the company, of which he was managing director, to further his schemes.

As a consequence his co-directors removed him from the Board, and a large part in this action was played by Captain Banfield, then a director and now a co-director with Cook in this new venture.

They have apparently settled their past differences, and it would be interesting to know in what their bond of union now consists.

We would like to know this, because Banfield also we took to task as recently as three months ago for running an almost similar beauty contest scheme as that to which he objected three years before when run by Cook.

This last stunt was openly done, this time by British Filmcraft Productions.

After being politely booted off the Board of British Filmcraft Productions, Cook became connected with a publicity film company of established repute.

A stable secret

This company's acquaintance with Cook was particularly unhappy, and it terminated only a few weeks ago in exceedingly unfavourable circumstances.

Now he has apparently got back again to his old love, but he does not yet seem very specific as to the part he intends to play.

A trade enquirer who asked about this could receive no satisfaction beyond an invitation to visit Mr. Cook's racing stables at Rottingdean.

The connection between a new film company, which is going to ask for a lot of money from the public, and a racing stable seems to us a little hard to discover.

The mystery is only deepened by the fact that no mention of Cook's name appears in the Racing Calendar as a racehorse owner, trainer or proprietor, nor are any colours registered in his name.

Remembered for his film beauty contests—Edward Cook

But perhaps that is only Mr. Cook's genial way.

Sorry

It may be possible, in spite of their previous unfortunate experiences and aided by a sufficient flow of the public's one-and-sixpences, for these people to breathe life again into these dead companies.

Anything is possible. But we very much fear that it will turn out to be a very sorry business.

STRANDED ORCHESTRA *in the Cells*

Chief Constable Carter was the good Samaritan

THE Theatrical Employers Registration Act may still be flouted with impunity.

A company of musicians, composed of three women and nineteen men was recently stranded at Windsor in the most shameful circumstances.

Billed as the Viennois-Tzigane Orchestra, they gave two performances nightly at the local Theatre Royal, and were "heartily applauded" in the Press

But towards the end of a hard week's work, disquieting rumours began to gain currency, so that, when the final performance on Saturday evening was in progress, landladies began to assemble at the stage door of the theatre.

The curtain fell upon the evening's show only to rise upon an act of a very different nature; a grim, real life drama, in which the waiting landladies and the hard-working musicians were cast for unhappy roles.

The company's principal, Mr. Clare Speight, could not be found. He had vanished after drawing the appropriate percentage of the takings from the theatre management.

After a distressful scene at the back of the theatre the stranded artistes, many of whom were very short of funds, decided to lodge a joint complaint at the local police station.

They found Mr. F. J. Carter, Chief Constable of Windsor, at the station, and he listened with sympathy to their sorry story.

Learning of their limited means and that most of them could not meet the bills already incurred, he agreed to give free shelter for the night to all who desired it.

The good deed

He therefore threw the cells open, and a number of the stranded artistes were only too glad to avail themselves of this temporary shelter.

But the Chief Constable's sympathy did not end there. On the following day he arranged for the necessary fares to be advanced to enable the stranded musicians to return to their distant homes; and those who were quite without means were even supplied with cigarettes.

His practical sympathy lightened the burden of the victims of the defaulting Clare Speight; but, so far, nothing has been heard of this shameless individual.

Meanwhile, those artistes who have been able to raise the money have made it their first consideration to settle with the Windsor landladies, who are equally Speight's victims. But there are still several kindly souls who are considerably out of pocket.

Laugh at the law

One landlady is owed £2 4s. 6d., but her sympathy is all with the young musician who was unwillingly made her creditor, for she knows that he has no home and was left without a penny after his hard week's work.

Clare Speight, we find, is not known to the Touring and Producing Managers' Association.

That the responsibility of paying the salaries of twenty-two touring artistes should rest with an unknown individual of this type shows the regulation to be futile in its operation.

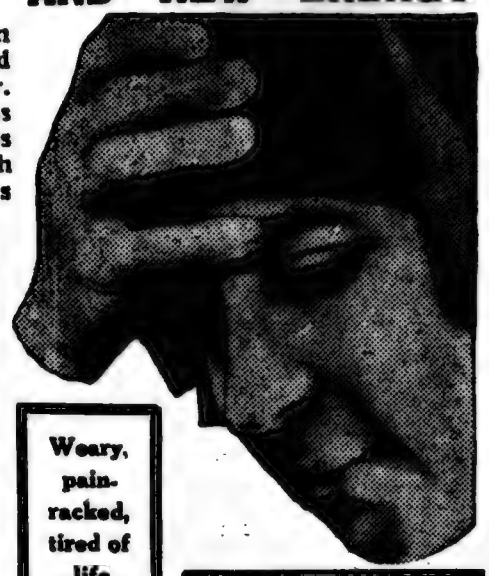
We have often urged the revision of the Theatrical Employers Registration Act, and this case ought to be more than sufficient to convince the authorities that our pleas are just.

And, meanwhile, we hope they will get on the track of Clare Speight and call him to account for his delinquencies.

INSOMNIA & NERVE PAINS

GIVE PLACE TO SOUND SLEEP AND NEW ENERGY

SWEET peaceful rest each night, vigour and brightness on rising, happy days of work and play unclouded by pain and depression—that's what Nature intended for you. Let Dr. Cassell's Tablets help you to regain your birthright. This famous tonic offers so much more than mere temporary relief: it acts on the whole system, building up new, lasting health wherever strength is depleted. Every year thousands have proved that Dr. Cassell's Tablets never fail—they will not fail *you*.



Weary, pain-racked, tired of life

THE SECRET—LIES IN THE 19 INGREDIENTS

No ordinary tonic is this: Dr. Cassell's Tablets contain unique ingredients—19 in all, including full-of-Vitamin Yeast. Between them they fulfil three all-important functions:—Revitalisation of Nerves; Strengthening of Digestion and Appetite; Purification and Enrichment of Blood-stream. Dr. Cassell's Tablets have never needed to exaggerate their claims—they are the sane, sure, speedy scientific remedy.

NOW full of abundant health and vitality.

DR. CASSELL'S TABLETS RELIEVE—HERE'S PROOF.

INSOMNIA VICTIM NOW STRONG AND HEALTHY

"I suffered from rheumatism, lassitude and insomnia. Sleep at night seemed impossible. I completely lost my appetite and had no interest in life. I tried many remedies; but got no better until my husband brought home a box of Dr. Cassell's Tablets. Thanks to them I am now strong and healthy again."—Mrs. M. Burdett, 75, Hyde Rd., London, N.1.

SECOND BOTTLE RELIEVES LONG-STANDING NEURASTHENIA

"For twelve months I suffered from Neurasthenia, severe headaches, and insomnia. The chemist advised Dr. Cassell's Tablets and I noticed improvement after the second bottle. I am now in the best of health."—Mrs. A. Barnes, 799, Harrow Rd., Willesden.

Take Dr. Cassell's Tablets to-day. They are the certain cure for:—

NEURITIS, HEADACHES, INSOMNIA, ANÆMIA, BREAKDOWN, INDIGESTION, PALPITATION, KIDNEY PAINS, DEBILITY, AND ALL NERVE COMPLAINTS

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

1/3 and 3/- 1/3 size contains 50 Tablets

GUARANTEE

The makers of Dr. Cassell's Tablets guarantee their purity, safety and medicinal activity. THEY CONTAIN 19 SPECIAL INGREDIENTS and may be given to the youngest child or most delicate invalid without hesitation.

royds

A FREE OFFER.

On page 29 appears a unique offer of a De Luxe sample outfit of Poudre Tokolon in popular shades, and Creme Tokolon Skinfood for both day and night use. This is offered to readers of JOHN BULL free in return for 3d. in stamps to be sent to cover postage and packing, etc., together with the FREE TRIAL COUPON appearing in the advertisement. Do not overlook this special offer, but clip out the coupon now while you think of it, then fill in your name and address and post to Tokolon, Ltd. (Dept. 974B), 212, Gt. Portland Street, London, W.1

PARENTHOOD

A Manual of Birth Control
By MICHAEL FIELDING
with a preface by
H. G. WELLS

New and greatly extended Edition with Diagrams, Bibliography and information as to Clinics, etc. 43,000 copies of the first edition have been sold.

"When the adult citizen has gone through these pages he or she will have all the mastery of his or her sexual self that knowledge can give."—From H. G. Wells' preface.

Cloth 3s. 6d. Paper 2s. Postage 2d.

NOEL DOUGLAS
Dept. J.B.5, 38, Great Ormond St., W.C.1

AMAZING HAIR-GROWTH

AFTER BALDNESS—BY USING KOTALKO

Mrs. Cussell, of Ipswich, writes:

"Dear Sirs,—When I began to use KOTALKO my head was bare and scalp quite shiny, except for a very small place where there remained about a handful of hair. I had used many preparations—in fact, the trouble was not through neglect—but none of them had prevented the existing condition. You can imagine the amazement of myself and friends when, after the use of one box of KOTALKO, new hair could be seen all over my head, and after three boxes had been used my head was covered with a new growth of thick hair, which continued to grow until now I have hair down to my waist in splendid condition."

Legions of other remarkable cases of growth after baldness, falling hair stopped and dandruff eliminated. KOTALKO is splendid for children's hair, and for all cases of thin and brittle hair or other hirsutal troubles.

SEND THIS COUPON
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To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, LTD.
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Please send me, post paid, Testing Box of KOTALKO, with directions, for which I enclose threepence in stamps.

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ADDRESS .....

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KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

"JOHN BULL'S" GUARANTEE.

You can order with confidence anything you see advertised here, as every offer is covered by JOHN BULL'S well-known guarantee of satisfaction or Money Back in full.

FLOOR COVERING 90 SQ. FT. 15/-

The NEW DAMP & DOTPROOF FELT BASE

Beautiful Enamel Finish Linoleum Effects. Suitable for all Floors. Tile, Turkey, Floral, Bedroom and Parquetry designs. Lies flat, requires no fastening. All rolls two yards wide. FREE SAMPLES of many beautiful designs in colour on receipt of a card.

J. ROLLS & CO.,
98, Gray's Inn Rd., London, W.C.

CUT YOUR OWN HAIR

GREAT HALF PRICE OFFER
SAVES TIME AND MONEY. FOR LADIES AND GENTS.

Trims as it Combs.

1/- Post 3d.

Keeps Your Hair Short and Neat.

Simple Adjustable Blade. A Child can use it.

FREE An Extra Blade will be given free to all sending for above.

J. B. COLE, 24, Buckingham St., W.C.2
(Trade enquiries invited)

To encourage you to be convinced that

TEMMAH SAFETY RAZOR BLADES at 2d. each

provide the BEST and MOST ECONOMICAL Shave in Blades to-day,

WE ARE OFFERING **FREE** 25 Full size VIRGINIA **TEMMAH GOLD FLAKE CIGARETTES** to each purchaser of one dozen **TEMMAH BLADES.**

Please remit at rate of 2/- per dozen direct to: TEMMAH PRODUCTS, Ltd. 14/16, Lower Clapton Rd., London, E.5

Detection Defied!

A 58" Regal Rope of Matched

RIVIERA PEARLS

Real French.
EXQUISITE SHEEN
UNBREAKABLE.

Yours for 6 -, 2 - and 2 payments of 2 - per month. (Cash returned if dissatisfied.)

VERNON SALES CO.,
90, VICTORIA ST.,
LONDON, S.W.1.

NERVOUSNESS

There is no greater obstacle to social and business success than a nervous and shy disposition. Nervousness deprives you of the ability to develop your talents and make headway in the battle of life. If you are a victim of this distressing disorder; if you are nervous and shy; if you blush and stammer when spoken to; if you feel awkward and embarrassed in company, here is a real chance to conquer your weakness instead of letting it conquer you. A remarkably interesting booklet explaining how you can cure yourself privately at home, as I did, will be sent in a plain sealed envelope to all sufferers sending 3d. Write at once in confidence to:

HENRY J. RIVERS (Dept. J.B.69),
40, LAMBS CONDUIT ST., LONDON, W.C.1.

Weekly Informations from SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

'WARE Captain Scarface!

Unsuspecting people paid for their wedding cars, but the money went astray

I WOULD appreciate any information from my readers regarding the recent movements of Captain F. Henry Watts, formerly of the Royal Air Force.

Watts, who is more than six feet tall and is conspicuous by a long dark scar from the back of the left ear to the collar-bone, disappeared a few days ago from his address in Madeley Road, Ealing, W.

He has in his possession a book of cheques on the Great Portland Street branch of Barclays Bank, and most of the cheques are rubber-stamped to indicate that they belong to the Car Hire Association.

Watts is, in fact, the Car Hire Association, but anyone who may be offered one of these cheques should certainly make enquiries before accepting it.

If I give the result of enquiries which I have caused to be made into the history of the Car Hire Association, it will be understood why information regarding the latest activities and whereabouts of Captain Watts are required.

Price passed out

This association came into existence only a few months ago, but its brief life has cost many people dearly.

It has occupied a sumptuous suite of offices in Great Portland Street, W., the heart of the London motor-car market, and, apart from members of the public who were inveigled into transactions with it, the victims include the names of numerous well-known motor-car traders.

First to make their appearance in the association were two men known as H. Vernon Kimberley and Edward F. Price.

Three days after the launching of the business Price passed out. The staff were told that he was lying seriously ill at a London hotel.

Edward F. Price was none other than Frederick Price, a member of the notorious swindling employment-with-investment firm of Price, Davies and Company.

The real reason for his disappearance was that, following an exposure in JOHN BULL of his frauds on investors, he had been arrested for conspiracy.

Connection severed

He has since been sentenced to a term of hard labour.

For a short time afterwards Kimberley directed the Car Hire Association alone, but Captain Watts soon joined him in partnership.

The previous business record of Watts, I find, had been unfortunate. He had founded and was managing director of a motor engineering company in West London, but his association with it was severed when a false balance-sheet came to light.

The Car Hire Association proceeded to advertise in daily newspapers for confidential clerks, travellers and assistants.

A number were engaged, and each was required to deposit £100 or £150 with the firm.

The money, they were told, was strictly for fidelity purposes, and would be preserved in a separate banking account until the Car Hire Association was reconstructed as a limited liability company, when they could exercise an option to acquire preference shares.

This has proved to be entirely fictitious. No limited company was ever formed, and the money was never placed in a special account.

Another lie told to these dupes was that Captain Watts was substantially financing the association, and that a large sum of money would be paid into its account from the proceeds of the sale of extensive house properties of which he had become the owner.

Watts, in truth, is a penniless adventurer.

Some weeks ago, Kimberley also cut adrift from the association. Its bank balance, according to the passbook before me, had then dwindled to less than £100, and a large part of the money received from the staff as securities had not passed through the account.

But the balance became much less on the day Kimberley left. I have also on my desk a cheque for £67 10s. drawn on the association in his favour on that date. It is signed jointly by himself and Watts.

On that day also the account was further diminished by a payment to a person named Bird, ostensibly for a motor-cycle supposed to have been bought by the association.

Bird happens to have been the alias of one of the fellow-conspirators of Price who was under arrest with him at the time.

Watts signed new agreements with the staff to secure their £100 and £150 deposits, and informed them that his private holdings of stocks were so extensive that their money could be returned at any time.

He launched a big publicity campaign—which has not been paid for—on behalf of the association.

With fine audacity, he described his scheme as one affording the public and the motor-car industry protection against the defaulter, the rogue, and the thief.

He was all three in one.

The association enrolled garage owners as members at £3 3s. each, and from them obtained motor-cars which were hired to the public for weddings, funerals, theatre parties, touring, and the like.

Clients who ordered cars were required to pay a deposit of £5 each to the association, which also received the hiring fees.

I have found a number of cases in which Watts has not even returned the £5 deposits. And, although he got the money, the garages which provided the cars have not been paid their charges.

Puzzle: find him

The last salary and wages payments by Watts to the staff were by cheques. These have been dishonoured, and the men who entrusted all they possessed to him to obtain employment are now destitute.

Watts began dodging his creditors, but a few nights ago a party of them went to his home in Ealing.

He saw them into a motor car to the railway station, after assuring them that everything was in order and they would be paid in full at once.

Five minutes later, he told a tradesman next door to the station that his wife had fallen ill while on holiday in Scotland, and cashed a cheque to enable him to travel to her.

It was worthless, but with the proceeds Watts has disappeared.

The Sex of LADY DOMINO

FLEET STREET is the natural haunt and home of interesting people.

There had until a few days ago, however, been a conspicuous absence of philanthropists from the Street of Adventure.

But one is now there in the guise of a newspaper proprietor, and, although the first issue of the benefactor's new journal has not yet appeared, the world has certainly got to hear of the fact.

* * *

Complete with telegraphic address, cable code, and secretary, this individual has hired Suite 19 of Peele's Chambers and is passing under the name of Lady Domino.

Except for the omission of signatures from letters, there is no modesty about Lady Domino.

By a self-adopted title this new recruit to journalism is the World's Charity Organiser.

So it has been announced on the magnificent notepaper which has been used to tell the country about Lady Domino's advent to Press-ownership.

Factory owners and industrialists up and down the country have heard from Lady Domino during the past week.

My Lady Domino— Mr. Frank Haworth!

Among other things they have been told is that Lady Domino is anxious to assist cases of poverty and distress, and that, when the newspaper is launched, *absolutely all* profits will be given to charities.

Lady Domino intends also personally to guarantee prizes of £250 weekly.

The purpose of the communications which have been sent out to firms and employers is to invite them to nominate beneficiaries under what Lady Domino calls this magnanimous scheme for charities.

They have been asked specially to supply names of disabled soldiers or poor widows of their former workpeople who will sell Lady Domino's newspaper.

* * *

Who is My Lady Domino?

An intriguing portrait of a beautiful masked woman embellishes the notepaper; but reference to Somerset House shows the real name of this new Press "Peeress" to be—Mr. Frank Haworth.

And, we find, he is a dealer in confectionery and toys; polishes, perfumes, and beauty preparations; and racing, football, and puzzle coupons.

£100 FOR YOU!

NO ENTRANCE FEE

"Why is Evans' Electric Waving Comb like Britannia?"

NEW HAIR IN A WEEK!

Aptness and originality will win the £100 prize, which is available only to purchasers of EVANS' Electric Comb. A prize of £10 is offered for the best answer from non-purchasers. No employee of the House of Evans can enter, and the Advt. Manager of the "News Chronicle" has kindly consented to judge the contest. Each entrant will be notified by post of the result.

ALL GUARANTEED.

At last Scientific Research and British Skilled Workmanship have achieved an Effective Electric Comb at a very moderate price. Everybody knows that the root of every hair contains electricity and the quality of this electricity determines the quality of the hair.

If your hair is not wavy, crisp and springy, you can rely that it requires the gentle, stimulating electricity that only EVANS' Electric Comb can give it. No lotions can ever reach the roots of the hair in the same way that these penetrating yet safe electric waves of the EVANS' Electric Comb. You probably are tired of trying the so-called remedies, but let us induce you to try this last one. It will be your last for the simple reason that no other remedy will ever be necessary.

NOT IN SHOPS OR STORES.

NOT ON SALE IN SHOPS.
Harmless. A Child Can Use It.
NO ELECTRIC LIGHT REQUIRED

REAL WAVES in 2 DAYS

NOTE THE WAVY TEETH ONLY IN EVANS'.

A natural and really permanent wave is the birthright of every woman, and EVANS' Electric Comb can and does bring this desirable result in an amazingly short time. After two days you generally notice the hair forming itself into a glorious wave never to return to its former straightness, however long outstanding straight it may have been.

STOPS FALLING HAIR *NOW*

Hair generally falls out because of a lack of vitality in the roots. The gentle electric current of EVANS' Electric Comb flowing directly into these weakened roots rapidly revitalises them and falling hair stops often in a few hours.

BALDNESS BANISHED BY EVANS'

New Hair in a week! Where there is actual baldness it accomplishes marvels, so long as the roots of the hair are still there. Quite a vigorous crop of new hair can easily result from a week's regular treatment with EVANS' Electric Comb..

GREYNESS GOES FOR GOOD

The mild soothing flow of electricity penetrating to the minute colour glands of the scalp makes greyness almost immediately give place to the natural colour of the hair. Dyes are useless. EVANS' Electric Comb removes the cause of greyness.

REAL WAVES IN 2 DAYS

Note the Wavy Teeth, through which comes the mild, gentle yet penetrating electricity. The battery is in the handle and will last for 6 months. You can then get a new one at any electrician's for a few pence. Don't hesitate.

We guarantee you Beneficial Results.

SEND NOW!

~~EVANS~~ 3/- ~~ELECTRIC~~ ~~COMB~~

Possess an Electric Comb immediately by sending this form NOW. The remarkably cheap prices post free are 3/6 pocket size, large 5/6 (double power), under plain cover.

ONLY 3/-
(Pocket Size)
LARGE 5/6
As illustrated.

NO ELECTRIC LIGHT REQUIRED

The House of Evans, 9, Duke Street, Strand, W.C.2.

Please send me under plain sealed cover your Guaranteed EVANS' Electric Waving Comb, for which

I enclose P.O. value.....

My Competition answer is.....

.....

Name and Address.....

.....

THE LOAF BRED BOY

by
E. ROFFE THOMPSON

Why should I work for three bob, George?"

"AND what are you going to do when you grow up?" said the visitor, patting the little boy on the head.

"I'm going to live on the dole, like father," replied the youngster.

That, of course, is only a story; but it is a story that is almost true. "There is not much wrong with this country," said a well-known public man to me the other day, "except that we are busy rearing a generation of people who have never worked and don't want to work."

It must not for a moment be thought that I reflect upon the vast number who hate the dole and only ask for work.

But within the last week I have come across some astonishing instances of persons who do prefer to live comfortably in idleness.

And Mr. George Lansbury, First Commissioner of Works, said something the other day that was just as biting:

"If anyone is to be maintained," he said, "if anyone is to get their daily bread without work, it must be the people at the extreme end, the aged and infirm and disabled, but leave out the children.

"To me it is one of the most terrible tragedies that young men and young women should be able for years of their growing lives to live on a sort of public allowance."

Married on the dole

Well, the fault is as much that of Mr. Lansbury and his colleagues as of any other set of politicians.

The people wanted work and were given "a sort of public allowance."

It is not altogether surprising—however tragic it may be—that we have gradually developed what can only be termed the dole mind—the charity-mongering mentality.

A great social worker showed me a letter he had just received from an unemployed man. This man had done nothing at all for two years; but he went to the cinema every week, bought so many packets of cigarettes every week, went to watch football matches in winter and cricket matches in summer.

He ended his letter by saying that he was now "going to get married on the dole."

Believe me those were his very words. It opens up a picture of what our national life is in danger of becoming that I don't care to think about.

I know two youths who go to the Labour Exchange every week to draw their unemployment pay—on a motor bicycle and sidecar.

I know another man who used to drive there for the same purpose in his motor-car; he stopped it because a hint was dropped that investigations were about to be made.

Another man some years ago went to Canada. Over there he quickly found work. It was hard work and the pay was not magnificent. Still, it was work, and he could live on his wages. But he is coming home again in a week or two.

He thinks he can just manage to live on the dole!

There are even worse cases than this. Here, for instance, is a man who lost a good job more than eight years ago entirely through his own fault. He has done no regular work since, and until March of this year he has been receiving relief from the Guardians. He drew altogether £459.

In March he came under the new Act, and now gets 34s. a week in unemployment benefit.

Here is another man who in five years has done seventeen weeks' work. He draws 32s. a week, does not trouble to look for work, and does not even have the decency to spend his unemployment benefit on his wife and children. They are always in want and going despairingly to the relieving officer.

Never work again

Still the tale goes on—a man who up to date has actually had £615 from the Guardians for doing nothing. He has four children, all born "on relief" as he says, and for five years he has not done a hand's turn.

Sometimes his wife has gone out to work while he has stopped at home to look after the children.

A man who knows all about this case told me that in his opinion this man will never work again.

These instances could be multiplied a hundred times, a thousand times. I think it is rather a terrible state of affairs.

No one is more sorry than I am for the man who wants to work and who is eating out his heart in enforced idleness because he can find no work to do—but there are others, hundreds of thousands of others.

I have instanced some of them, and the dreadful thing to my mind is the assumption that is growing up among them that idleness is better than work and that bountiful charity is their right.

If this sounds harsh, I can't help it. I am speaking of what I know.

I do not want to be misunderstood. I am not implying that every unemployed man can be spoken of like this, nor am I suggesting that if a man cannot find work he should therefore be allowed to starve.

I am suggesting that there is a terrific waste of public money going on, and I personally have a violent objection to working hard and paying heavy taxes in order to allow thousands of young men who do not work to go to the cinema and even get married on the taxes I have to pay.

I was talking about this question the other day to the proprietor of a large laundry.

"Every now and then," he said, "when we are hard-pressed, we send out an SOS to a lot of our old employees to come and give us a hand.

"Most of them are girls who left us to get married. They come readily enough, give us a hand for a few weeks—and then go on the dole. For how long? Indefinitely, so far as I can see."

I had a letter from a man the other day who is earning 37s. a week. I don't defend his wage. It's rotten. But this is what he said: "If I went on the dole I should be drawing 34s. a week. Why should I work hard for a whole week for 3s.?"

That's the attitude of mind I am protesting against, the attitude that coolly works out the difference between what can be earned by honest work and what can be got from public funds for nothing.

I have known men brusquely turn down jobs because the difference between dole and wage was only 5s.

"What!" they say, "work for 5s. a week? Not likely!"

What we are doing, in other words, is to encourage in thousands and thousands of young men the deliberate cultivation of the pauper mind.

Food tickets only

In Czecho-Slovakia they have become so impressed by a similar state of affairs that the Welfare Ministry there has been obliged to substitute for a monetary dole a system of food tickets which entitle the holders to bread, flour, potatoes, fat, sugar, and so on.

I think the time has come when we should seriously consider whether our system of shovelling out public money is the best.

The National Unemployment Fund is many millions of pounds in debt, and will shortly have to go deeper.

We are almost at breaking point.

Until we can provide work for all who want to work we can at least try to prevent making idleness profitable.

The Human Machine

Release THAT POWER!

THERE are some people who are never happy unless they are making everything they do as difficult as possible. Their only criterion of value is effort. If a job is done easily it cannot possibly be done well—that is their constant point of view.

Listen! "The function of the machine," says one of the world's great men, "is to liberate man from brute burdens, release his energies to the building of his intellectual and spiritual powers for conquests in the fields of thought and high action. The machine is the symbol of man's mastery of his environment."

The finest machine in the world is the brain of man: and a brain used well makes life easier, not more difficult. There is no virtue in effort for its own sake. It is the ease with which a job is done—not the effort—that separates the master from the duffer.

The craftsman looks ahead and thinks: the bungler looks ahead and worries. The true art of life is to bridge the gulf between thought and worry. We can make work into play just as readily as some people turn their play into work. It all depends how we tackle it.

Most people never realise they have a brain. They never consciously use it to think out ways and means of easing labour. They don't organise. They just muddle along.

They prefer brute labour to the effortless power of the well-oiled and smooth-running machine.

That is why they get nowhere and achieve nothing.

A PRINCELY GIFT FOR 'PRIVATE SEAL' SMOKERS

A JUNO-'PRINCE' ALL-BRITISH BICYCLE FREE

DELIVERED TO YOUR OWN DOOR

FOR COUPONS FROM ONLY 784 PACKETS of 10!
OR 392 PACKETS of 20!

(instead of 2350 packets of 10)

3 COUPONS WITH EVERY TEN

'PRIVATE SEAL' CIGARETTES

ALL-BRITISH SPECIFICATION
GENT'S STANDARD MODEL

FRAME built with Reynolds weldless steel tubing :—sizes 20", 22", 24", 26". WHEELS—Best British Make—Westwood type rims 26" x 1¾". Non-rusting spokes. HUBS—Best British. HANDLEBARS—Phillips with two outside roller lever brakes. CHAIN-WHEEL and CRANKS—Best British Steel specially toughened. FREEWHEEL—Best British ball-bearing frictionless. PEDALS—Phillips rubber. MUDGUARDS—dome pattern with front extension, plated fastenings specially stayed and strengthened. SADDLE—Best quality British make three coil springs. CHAIN—Coventry or Brampton. TYRES—'Kempshall' made by Dunlop. FINISH—one coat rust-proof preparation, three coats best black enamel. Beautifully hand polished, lined in gold and green. All bright parts heavily nickel plated. Delivered free for 2,350 Coupons.

SEMI-SPORTS MODEL. Similar to above in all respects with the exception that the machine is built with a sloping top tube and equipped with 4-wire racing type saddle. Handlebars are of the North Road upturned type. Rat-trap pedals. Delivered free for 2,350 Coupons.

LADIES' MODEL Specification as Gent's standard model with addition of chain cover and skirt guard. 2,400 coupons (only 800 packets of 10).

ALL BRITISH ACCESSORIES. Each machine is complete with Lamp, Bell, Pump and Clips, Tools and bag, Reflector. **BOYS' MODELS** 2350 coupons. **GIRLS' MODELS** 2400 coupons. State height when ordering.

These models are made on the latest '*Safety First*' principles and so constructed that the rider can drop one foot on the ground whilst in traffic and thus retain full control of the machine. Every machine is guaranteed for twelve months.

WE WILL TAKE YOUR PRESENT COUPONS OFF YOUR HANDS

Don't hesitate to try 'Private Seal' at once simply because you have already collected a certain number of coupons from other cigarettes. We will accept these coupons for your first 'Private Seal' gift, so long as you send at least as many 'Private Seal' as coupons from other 10 for 6d. cigarettes.

This offer applies only to your first gift and holds good only to August 31st, 1930.

'IMPERIAL' *Gramophone Record*

60 COUPONS

(*Only* 20 *packets of* 10 *instead of* 60 *packets*)

bring you one of the latest Imperial Gramophone Records

YOU CAN GET ONE FREE RECORD EVERY WEEK!

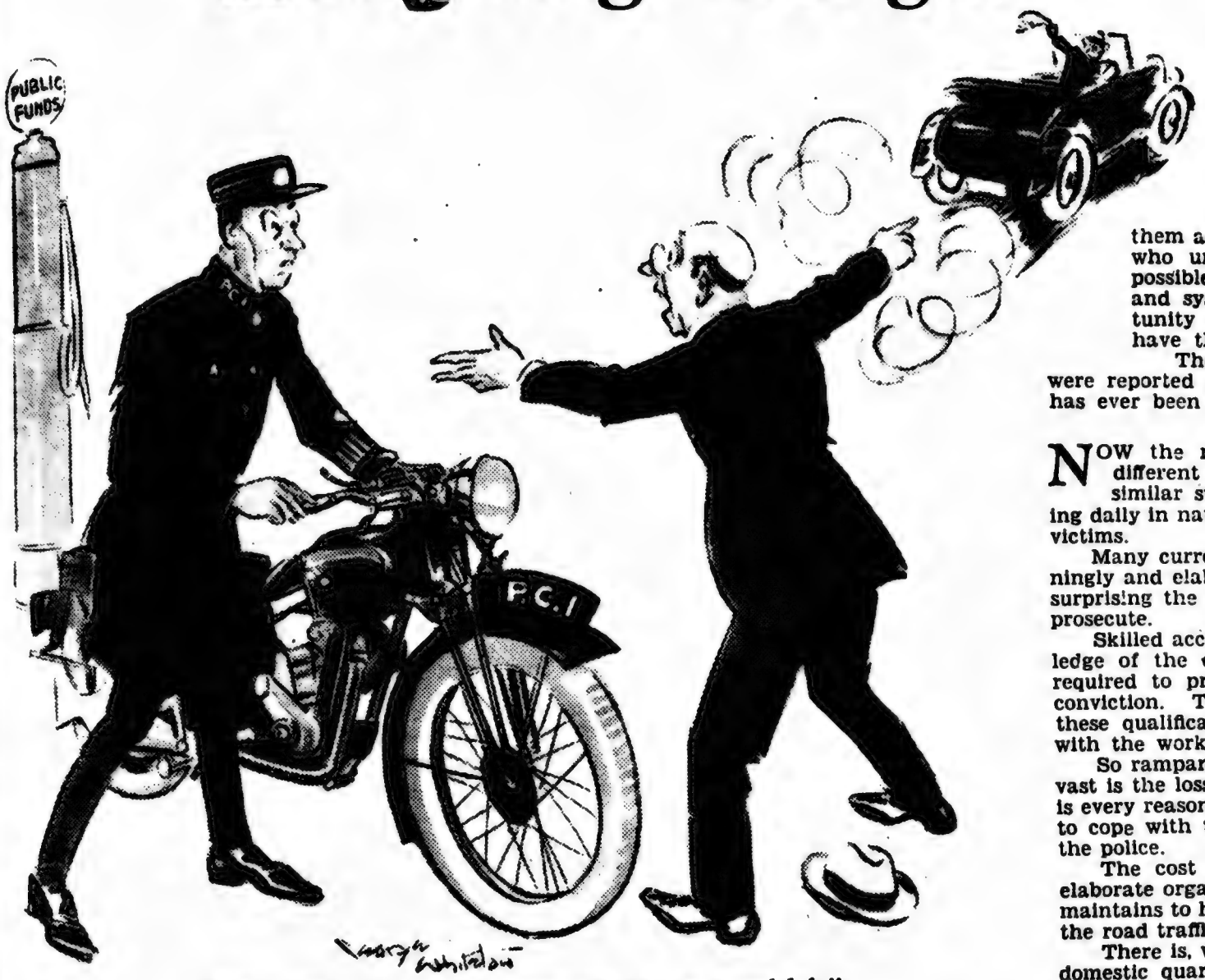
SEND a postcard for the latest list of song and dance successes which are heard at their best on these new electrically produced records.

FULL LIST OF GIFTS IN COLOUR POST FREE FROM:

MOUSTAFA LTD., Dept. B., 84 Piccadilly, London, W.1. (*Sole Concessionaires:* COHEN WEENEN & CO., LTD.)

A LEGION of Laughing Rogues

Without FEAR or FAVOUR



THE COP: *"Catch him yourself; I've no petrol left"*

THERE are in the City of London to-day forty-six organisations which exist for the sale of fraudulent company shares to the public.

In Greater London there are some scores of pseudo-commercial houses which flourish by robbing the public by business tranfer, company promotion, and employment-with-investment propositions.

Throughout Great Britain there are many hundreds of individuals, registered as firms, who are daily swindling the public of vast sums of money by every conceivable form of trickery and false pretences.

These rogues do not work in the darkness. They use his Majesty's mails and the advertising columns of the daily Press to find and fleece their victims.

Their activities are known to the police, the Home Office, and the Board of Trade, and much space is occupied with fat *dossiers* filled with complaints concerning them.

But these fraudulent firms and persons are as safe from criminal prosecution as if they were the trustees of the Bank of England.

The greater the extent to which they bleed their unhappy victims, the safer they become.

Let anyone who has been so swindled go to the police nowadays and we will forecast with accuracy what he will be told.

It will be one of two things—either that he should seek redress by civil action or find the money to undertake a private prosecution.

Where people who have been reduced to destitution by the swindlers are to find the money to finance private prosecutions is not, of course, explained to them.

And those who can afford to institute civil proceedings to recover their losses will find in ninety per cent. of the cases that they have thrown good money after bad. They will most likely obtain judgment, only to discover that there are no means of enforcing it.

When the rogues who operate on a large scale build their organisations, the first precaution they take is that there shall not be visible funds or property which their victims can attach or execute upon.

Daily in the High Court and in the county courts civil actions are heard in which fraud or conspiracy is attributed and proved.

In every case in which fraud or conspiracy is imputed we would like to see it made compulsory for the pleadings and other proceedings to be served upon the Public Prosecutor.

Judges do so, of course, on occasions, but the results are so discouraging that it is slight wonder they have not made reporting to the Public Prosecutor a general rule.

There is, in fact, no more erratic Department than that of the Public Prosecutor, which often allows very obvious frauds to pass without prosecution, whilst only too frequently taking action in cases where judge and jury refuse to see any fraud.

Almost invariably the first question addressed to anyone who calls at the office of the Public Prosecutor to lay information is as to his means.

If the victim has been robbed dry or cannot afford to pay the costs of a warrant, arrest, police-court proceedings, and the ultimate trial, an established criminal obtains another lease of life.

MONTH in and month out there comes daily to the offices of John Bull a ceaseless stream of wretched people who, by one type of fraud or another, have lost all they possessed.

It is indeed remarkable to observe how often these unfortunate dupes accept for themselves the blame for having been deceived.

Their motive in directing attention to the people and methods by which they have been swindled is simply that others may be warned, and their anger is against the authorities who have refused to act or who have advised them to proceed in the civil courts.

One particularly cruel and pathetic case upon which this journal was consulted concerned five young men who lost every penny of the capital with which their parents had provided them to enter business careers.

We recognised the group of men who had defrauded them as experienced crooks and cheats who until then had skilfully evaded possible consequences of their long and systematic deception. An opportunity had come at last, however, to have them laid by the heels.

The circumstances, on our advice, were reported to the authorities, but nothing has ever been done.

NOW the rogues have separated and, in different names, each is conducting a similar swindling business and advertising daily in national newspapers to entrap new victims.

Many current financial frauds are so cunningly and elaborately conceived that it is not surprising the police do frequently hesitate to prosecute.

Skilled accountancy and a complete knowledge of the company and trading laws are required to probe these swindles and ensure conviction. The police officers who possess these qualifications are already overburdened with the work.

So rampant is roguery of this kind and so vast is the loss to citizens, however, that there is every reason why a corps of specialists fitted to cope with the task should be recruited for the police.

The cost would be met by reducing the elaborate organisation which every police force maintains to hunt down petty offenders against the road traffic regulations.

There is, we have also found, far too much domestic quarrelling between police forces as to which will assume responsibility for prosecution.

Take the case of a salesman of bogus shares. He will victimise people in one town, who, when they discover the fact, report it to the local police.

The police there, however, will hold that it is a matter for the police of the town where the headquarters of the swindling company are situated.

SO the two forces dispute the initiative until in the end nothing is done, and the share bandit in a new name and with new wares goes on without risk or fear of interruption.

A small but scandalous and typical case of police inaction occurred in London a few days ago.

It concerned a known felon with previous convictions who was systematically travelling in taxicabs without paying the fares.

The aggrieved drivers, who had to bear the loss, approached the police and asked that the man should be dealt with for obtaining credit by fraud.

They were told that this could be done if they were prepared to meet the costs of the prosecution, which, as it was an indictable offence and would have to go to trial, would probably amount to about £100 with the engaging of counsel.

There was no question that the police were being requested to put a scoundrel in the dock. Complaints came in at the same time that he had defrauded a railway company and a restaurant proprietor.

It was absurd to suggest to poor taxicab drivers that they should raise £100 to see simple justice done.

This kind of thing is utterly wrong. When criminals, high and low, escape prosecution and conviction because the Public Prosecutor or the police are niggardly financed, it is time that the Treasury was made aware of the scandal.

DEMONS OF THE Broad Highway

"Right to the front"—Captain Birkin is a millionaire's son

ANOTHER chapter in the romance of speed and commercial enterprise will open to-day (Saturday) on the Ards Circuit, Ulster, when the International Tourist Trophy Car Race is contested.

Cars of all dimensions and kes, cleverly handicapped, will ed over four hundred miles of ck, driven by the world's eatest experts.

But it will not be a meaningless amble to satisfy a craving for re speed or for the handsome ze of £1,000 which goes to the nner.

The inner significance of this d similar races must have a ong appeal to the public—pedesans and motorists alike.

There are some two millions of ople on our roads to-day who tter themselves they can drive a . A slight inside acquaintance h motor racing would soon deceive them.

Take the question of braking, instance. Whereas at a speed 50 m.p.h. a good car can pull dead in less than 20 yards, d at 60 m.p.h. in less than 35 rds, after that the ratio inases enormously.

Artists of the brake

Hurtling round at 120 m.p.h., a nt racer would, under certain nditions, require a good quarter a mile.

This is because the brakes dare be forcibly applied for fear of rturning, or bursting a tyre.

Braking must be done partly by ver use of the gearbox, and this an art in itself.

But our Malcolm Campbells, ye Dons, Birkins, and Woolf rnatos, who can go into a liberate skid at 110 m.p.h., are modern Knights of the Road.

From earliest days there have n more candidates for the neer's wheel than there have n vacancies, and to-day the mpetition to take the risk is rific.

Nor is this sheer daredeviliry, r best drivers have the cause of chanical progress deeply at art. It is a great life for a great rpose, and life itself is not ought too great a price to pay.

t is often asked, What is the actical use of motor racing? So rly as 1898, when the then record eed of 41 m.p.h. was attained, newspaper said "Fools should prevented by law from risking their necks at these insane speeds."

Before Brooklands was built in 1907, our manufacturers were getting left behind by their foreign rivals, because (road racing being forbidden in this country) they had nowhere to test their cars "all out."

The worst car in the world will stand up to ordinary gentle usage for a couple of years, and tests on the bench are well enough.

Different methods of streamlining, for instance, are tried out in a tunnel, in which a model of the car is placed and air (mixed with smoke) forced through at the speed required.

If the smoke tucks in at the rear of the model the streamlining is good, but if a vacuum is formed, this shows that the design is bad.

Britain's most famous type of luxury car is subjected to such severe strains as running twelve hours consecutively on bottom gear, while every separate piece of metal is X-rayed for flaws.

Britain's speed lead

Nevertheless, racing is the supreme test of the quality and efficiency of every part of a car, and Brooklands has been of inestimable service to this country's mechanical progress.

Pessimists who grieve over the championships this country has lost since the war have the consolation of knowing that in matters of speed we still lead the world.

Of course, such attempts as those at Daytona Beach and Verneuk Pan are mainly spectacular and for the purpose of international advertisement.

The effective life of cars like the "Golden Arrow" and "Blue Bird" is about fifteen minutes, after which they are only used for show purposes.

Their compression is so terrific that no self-starter in the world would be of any use, and Carnera himself could not budge the starting handle, if there was one.

Test that tells

They have to be started up by being towed. They have no reverse, and, with a speed in bottom gear of 90 m.p.h., they would be quite unmanageable on the road.

The specially constructed tyres have a particularly hard time of it, and barely stand up to the strain of a single trip. That is why Malcolm Campbell's South African adventure was so hazardous a one, because he drove a five-mile course, plus four miles to get up speed and four miles to slow down, whereas Segrave's record at Daytona was only over a measured mile.

From a practical point of view, therefore, though the strain may not be quite so terrific, more is learned from track events at Brooklands, and road races like Ulster and Le Mans, than from freak sprints at 230 m.p.h.

Muscle, too

Conditions vary, but, broadly speaking, it is the racing types of cars that dominate the tracks, while in road races the machines are "stock" cars to which certain things are allowed to be done.

In the Ulster T.T. race this week, for instance, the conditions are for cars such as will be used in everyday work.

The objective is the test which aims at producing the perfect car, an ideal for which many brave men have laid down their lives.

So far as actual driving is concerned, there is no sport that entails so perfect a combination of nerve, skill, judgment, pluck and *brute strength*.

So fierce a physical strain can the wheel of one of the latest high-powered racers impose that a famous driver, who is unfortunately of rather slight physique, had to pull up recently after three circuits of Brooklands owing to his arms becoming numbed.

In any case it is usual for a driver to have tape firmly bound round his wrists. Then, with the wheel snug on his chest, he tucks his elbows well into his side to help to take the strain.

So essential is a two-handed grip on awkward occasions that experiments have been made in letting the passenger manipulate the gear lever on cars which have a left-hand change. This requires perfect synchronisation and a lot of practice.

Laymen must wonder that more accidents do not occur in passing, since no horns or mirrors are carried.

In road races such as to-day's, however, there is always a passenger whose duty it is to look out for a faster car coming up behind, and to signal it on if he considers it entitled to pass.

When in doubt it is etiquette for the smaller car to give way, unless it is one that can definitely negotiate an awkward corner at the higher speed.

Racing drivers are a sporting

"Began as a racing motor-cyclist"—Kaye Don changes a wheel

This sturdy little Austin will compete in Saturday's big race

... an old Carraciola

crowd and depend on one another's good sense for comfort and even for their lives.

Some of our most expert drivers would like to see a grading system in force so that they would only race among themselves, with no risk of a novice involving them in an avoidable mishap.

In theory anybody can enter and drive a car of moderate capacity, though he would not be permitted to handle a giant racer.

Even so, however, the beginner has to do a number of observation tests and circuits of the course under the eagle eye of the authorities before getting a certificate to compete.

The whole question of tests for racing drivers is mixed up with the wider one of tests for ordinary drivers on our roads.

We are a happy-go-lucky nation, however, and public opinion is not yet ripe for such a change.

Whatever the risks of motor racing may be, there is no dearth of candidates.

The late Sir Henry Segrave was not the only crack who had to fight his way into the charmed circle.

His old car

Carraciola, the German, who won the Ulster T.T. last year, approached the Mercedes-Benz people for a job when he was only 17.

Being refused, he purchased an old car, and three years later attracted the notice of the firm's Dresden representative, and was invited to join the staff.

Now, having inherited a fortune from his father, a wealthy wine merchant, he owns Mercedes-Benz cars of his own, and races independently for pleasure.

Kaye Don began as a racing motor-cyclist, while Captain Birkin, who has recently come right to the front, is the son of a Nottingham millionaire, and his private workshops at Letchworth are the envy and admiration of experts.

What kind of life does the motor expert live?

Like the stage, motor racing is a profession which offers plums to the lucky few, while the remainder have to be content with a reward altogether incommensurate with the risks they run.

The competition of wealthy amateurs, who race for the thrill of it, prevents anything like a ring of racing "drivers" who could demand their own terms.

No big purses

Where a regular team is retained by the manufacturers, as in the case of the Sunbeam and (until lately) the Bentleys, the pay is fair enough and employment is regular.

A freelance, however, depends largely on the individual generosity of his employers in the way of presents, much as does a jockey when he wins a big race.

The stakes for which races are run are surprisingly small, with a few exceptions such as the Ulster T.T., which is £1,000.

Despite international rivalry, there is a fine team spirit, which leads men like Malcolm Campbell and Lord Howe to pilot Continental cars, most drivers possessing the pioneer spirit and having the cause of mechanical progress for its own sake deeply at heart.

It is an arduous life. Only supreme fitness can ensure the perfect co-ordination of brain and hand which is required, and to be a teetotaler and non-smoker is an advantage.

Scrapheap's tale

Apart from ordinary practice, endless experiment is necessary in order to get the best out of any particular car.

This is particularly so in a race like the Ulster T.T., where there is a best method and a top speed —consistent with safety—for taking every corner on the course.

At such and such a spot one must change down into second or third gear, as the case may be, and at such and such a spot back again into third or top.

It does not always follow that the highest possible speed pays in a long-distance event.

One famous driver found he could knock five seconds—which is a great deal—off each circuit by a prolonged burst of third gear at a particular spot.

After a time this so overheated his engine that it had to be abandoned.

The great heaps of scrapped tyres, many of them torn to ribbons, bear eloquent evidence to the terrific strain. Skidding corners at high speed is not a profitable method, if more time is wasted changing wheels at the pits than is gained by the manœuvre.

And the mechanics?

They get as little of the limelight as the boy who "does" a Derby favourite, but the winning or losing of a big prize may all depend on their quickness in diagnosing trouble and the deftness with which they use their tools.

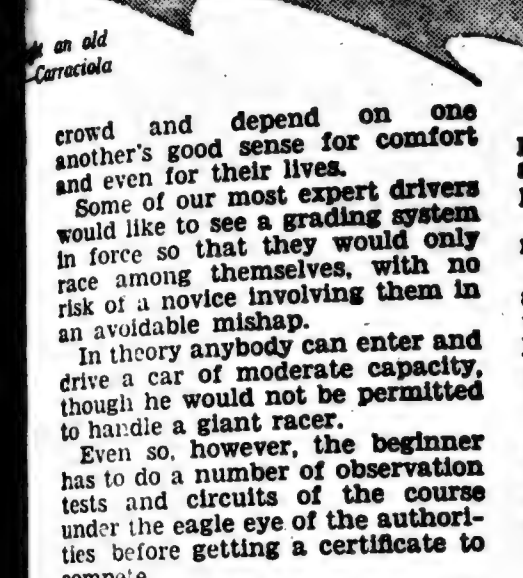
Some of the times they put up are simply miraculous.

Mr. Percy Bradley, the well-known clerk of the course at Brooklands, relates that on one occasion the late Mr. Parry Thomas came into the pits, changed all four wheels, filled up with oil, water and petrol, and—including the time wasted in slowing up and getting away again—the whole operation took less than two minutes.

Ordinary "jacks," of course, are not used. There is a special mechanism which lifts a car bodily and permits all four wheels to be handled simultaneously.

Mechanics must be prepared to take their turn, too, as passengers, and go hurtling round the track at colossal speeds, which most of them do without turning a hair.

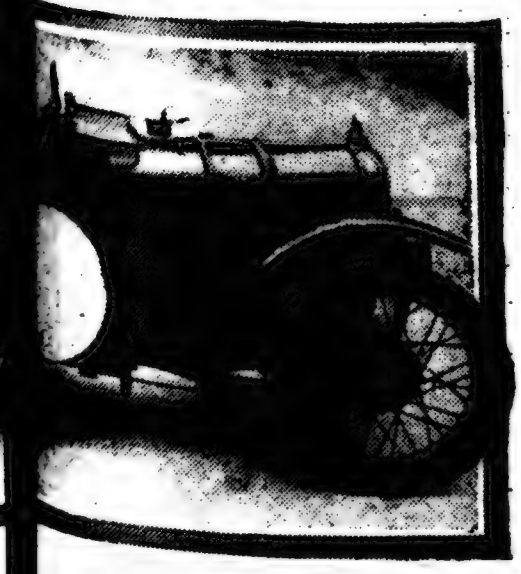
There could be no higher tribute to the efficiency of British cars and drivers, and both fully deserve it.



The speed test for man and machine—a crack rider doing 130 miles an hour

"The pioneer spirit"—Lord Howe

He faces all hazards—record-breaker Malcolm Campbell



Remember this one? It looks incredibly ancient, yet it is only twenty-eight

I tried them all, but it wasn't long before I decided that a Manikin was just *the* smoke.

The Mild Havana Flavour and consistent good quality of these little smokes has given me supreme enjoyment for a quarter of a century. Take the tip of an old hand and try them yourself.

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ON EASY TERMS

The SPEED

HERE'S a tale of a fantastic duel, in which three men fought with speedirons for love of a woman who'd kissed the one, spurned the other, and shot the third. I have, of course, changed the setting and names—you will appreciate why. . . .

Irma Roche was a beautiful thing to come butting in on all the strain and worry of making racing-cars ready for a Continental Grand Prix. And—lord!—how I wish she'd stayed away.

Count Michaesco was our team leader. "Count Mike," we called him; he had been a rich man in Rumania before Irma met him, and broke him. He feared nothing in the air or on the earth or down at the bottom of a well.

When Irma had spent all he owned, he reckoned that the only way out was a bullet each

But she didn't see it like that; she shot him instead, making for Paris and another lover, while Bukarest surgeons carved Count Mike back to life.

Possibly because the reckless game suited him after that, he came into our racing team.

We used him as pacemaker: the man who kicks the throttle wide open at the drop of the starter's flag, travelling hell-for-leather and trying to crack the cars of rival drivers who've the nerve to match his speed.

•

OUR second driver was Bart Carrington. He had as much nerve as Count Mike, but he was steadier.

He was deep in the chest, and built like a statue; because a man needs strength to hold nearly a ton of metal that is moving along the road at anything up to two miles a minute.

Bart's character was in his features; they were hewn rather than shaped, virile and tense.

The man on the third car in our team was young Jack Norris. He was fine, all through—everything that an Englishman ought to be—and he was just the boy to attract a world-wise woman like Irma.

I could see that there was something different about him during practice on this circuit. He had a new dash to his driving, and he was bubbling with a lively happiness that was infectious

"Been left a fortune before you came over, Jack?" I asked him.

"Yes—in something better than money," he told me. "I know it'll sound silly to you; but I'm in love."

"I guessed it was either that or dope, Jack!"

"She's coming down to watch me ride," he said "Man, when you see her——!"

I SAW Irma Roche for the first time on the night before the Grand Prix.

Our racing camp was just a big barn a little way off the course. By ten o'clock at night, with the race only twelve hours off, our three cars were ready to go to the line-up.

Mechanics were sheeting the machines when Bart Carrington came into the barn.

"Will you come and look for Mike?" he asked. "It's about time to round him up."

Unless he was stopped, Count Mike was liable to make a wild night of it before a big race, and we both went to find him at the Café Gaulois. This was a big, popular place, crowded now that spectators were coming to the course.

It was possible to avoid the crowd and reach the main bar along a quiet little veranda at the rear of the building. This was lined by french windows which gave on to private dining-rooms, and we saw a figure at one of them, peering in.

While we watched him he stepped

"He skidded broadside to the road. Through the spouting dust . . ."

back, lifted a foot and took a running kick at the window.

"That's Mike!" Bart yelled.

Glass smashed, and he kicked at the window again, as we jumped on to the veranda. Mike's hair was towsled and his dark eyes were blazing as the window gave way. We were just behind him when he fairly flung himself into the room.

Jack Norris stood there, and it was easy to see that Irma had been drooping in his arms. With her face a little flushed, her eyes wide and startled, her red lips parted, she was more than just beautiful.

Count Mike jumped straight at Jack. The boy pushed Irma aside when he saw that Mike meant trouble. I heard a couple of soggy punches, then a smack like a hammer hitting the butt end of a log—and Jack was on the floor with blood starting from a split cheek.

"Get up—get up, and I'll smash the life out of you!" Mike seemed to snarl the words, and I heard Irma scream: "Michaesco!"

"Yes, Michaesco—and not dead!" He laughed at her, his eyes glittering, as he turned and tore into Jack when he came off the floor.

It was thirty seconds before we could part them, and I plugged Jack against the wall, while Bart held Count Mike off. When I turned to Irma, I saw that she was looking at our No. 2 driver.

BART met her gaze with his face all hard and lowering, and the little muscles beside his jaw sticking out.

"Well, if it isn't my husband!" she said.

Silence dropped abruptly, because, as I realised afterwards, Irma was facing her old paramour, with the man she had afterwards married and left, and her newest lover. And all three were, by a twist of life, in the same team; only now realising the truth about the others.

It was not so difficult to understand how they were thrown together like that, because each was courageous and nerved, automatically attracted by the risks of high speed.

Count Mike broke the quiet as he tore away from Bart and spun to face him, glaring and quivering.

"SO she went to Paris with you. For you I—*I* was shot!" he cried, as he jumped at Bart, while Jack Norris sent me stumbling when he plunged off the wall, to clam at Count Mike.

"Then you're the brute who tried to kill her in Bukarest!"—(that was the yarn she'd told him)—and he grabbed Mike by the throat as he tried to tear him away from Bart.

"And you are one of the handsome little beasts who've wrecked things for me and her!" Bart smashed his fist beside Jack's jaw, then grabbed him before he could fall.

Bart was tremendously strong: he caught Count Mike with his other hand, and held the pair of them apart as he said: "We three have something to settle."

"Any time—anywhere! I'll fix you now!" Jack stormed

"I'll fight you first, Carrington——pistols!" Mike rasped.

"Pistols be damned!" Bart was laughing now, and an uglier laugh I never heard from any man's lips. "We'll fight level with—cars! Now!"

They stared. He went on: "We'll get them out and ride the circuit until there's only one of us left!"

"I'll run you off the road!" Mike told him.

"If you can!" Bart laughed at him

DUEL

A Real Life Story by Barré Lyndon

Motor-racing Expert and Author of "Speed Fever"

Illustrated by Herbert Hyde

". . . I saw his car leap, turning over in the air . . ."

gain. "Come on!" he said, and umped for the door.

I tried to stop them. Bart's fist ipped me over the ear like the end f a swinging beam, and I went down. rma helped me up, and I staggered ut through the crowd that was athering and went tearing along the ane towards our barn.

Those three mad fools meant to take he cars out on a course that wasn't leared!

Weeks and months of work lay be-ind our machines, and the least that ould happen would be to spoil their ime for the race.

I heard an engine roar. Almost at nce a car shot from the building, nd another followed. I was at the oors when Jack appeared, and he all ut ran me down when I tried to bar is path.

THE three went roaring along the lane, and they were almost together when they reached the end, where the racing circuit passed.

I heard them go down the moonlit oad, screaming in gear, exhausts hundering and superchargers droning n evil whine.

The circuit was some eight miles round, and its worst corner was half mile from the lane.

I made for this, because I had a eeling that if anything happened it ould be there, and I knew that nohing on earth could stop the three ow they had started.

I was short of the corner when I eard the machines coming. They ook the turn bunched up, each trying corner at a pace which would make he others oversteer and crash.

They came round with tyres screwl-g, brake-shoes screeching, exhausts pouting lurid flame which lit the sides of the machines and showed their stamping wheels.

They went by with a juggernaut rush that made the ground shake, travelling in a smashing welter of sound which was stunning in its intensity.

Helpless, I waited for them to come up again. People seemed to know that something was happening, and crowds were swarming out of the night to the roadside.

I heard the cars soon enough, and ran into the corner to watch them.

I sighted them on the straight—three dark, scuttling blobs, half outlined by the flame of their exhausts, with one leading by ten yards.

Up they came, disastrously fast. They neither touched their brakes nor changed gear until they were almost on the turn, and Count Mike was setting the pace.

He stormed into the turn, and I knew he couldn't get round. I heard his brakes go on, the shoes screeching through the rasp of tyres on locked wheels; then he skidded broadside to the road.

He came straight at me and I leaped for my life as he hit the sandbank. Through the spouting dust I saw his car leap, turning over in the air as Jack went by!

It crashed to the fence, bounced back to the road, and hurtled on, rolling over and over before it lurched full into the track of Bart's car as he came out of a mad slide.

The two machines hit with an awful impact that was like an explosion. I saw Bart's machine lift stiffly and pitch over as he was slung from the cockpit.

All that was left after that was the sight of the two wrecked machines slithering, locked together, in a haze of dust and flying *débris*, while the ruddy exhaust of Jack's car shone back like a danger-light through the spinning murk.

WE picked up Bart first. Later, the ambulance men found a broken wrist, three broken ribs, a snapped collarbone and some other injuries which were less serious.

When we looked for Count Mike we found him under a bush that overhung the ditch beyond the turn, thrown fifteen yards from where his smashed car had stopped.

It was dark under the bush, and he seemed to have crawled there to die quietly.

I went with them when they carried Bart up the lane past our racing camp, and I found Jack standing outside.

"That's Bart," I said to him. "He's hurt, but I think he'll be all right." He did not answer.

Trouble followed. Things were smoothed over by giving out that the affair was an accident. We would have withdrawn our entry from the race, except that Jack insisted on driving.

"I want something," he said.

"In the Grand Prix he drove with a kind of inhuman precision. When he was pressed hard in the last laps he handled his machine as though life didn't matter, and I thought he was trying to kill himself. But he was after something better than that.

HE won, and, as they do on the Continent, they gave him a massive winner's bouquet.

He saved the flowers carefully, and, when they buried Count Mike, Jack laid them on his grave.

And Irma? I knew nothing of her now—but I can guess her end.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Next week the famous humorist tells a true story with a grim climax:—

"The Amusements of Monsieur Muche"

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A MAN with a CURE for MURDER

"Points to case after case of definite cure." — Dr. M. Hamblin Smith

IT is a startling challenge to civilisation; many people might never have been criminals or even murderers.

Two men whose names the country should honour, working separately in their respective spheres, though inspired with the same humane ideals, are doing wonders in salving human wreckage, mending broken lives.

Strangely, both of them are prison officers. One is Dr. M. Hamblin Smith, the Medical Officer of Birmingham Prison; the other Captain Scott, formerly Governor of His Majesty's Training Centre at Wakefield, Yorkshire, known formerly as Wakefield Jail.

The Birmingham Justices, as enlightened a body of lay magistrates as is to be found in the kingdom, regard Dr. Hamblin Smith as guide, philosopher and friend.

So completely has he won their confidence, that in a case of any difficulty they seldom pronounce sentence without seeking his skilled advice. They know that in Dr. Smith they possess a first-rate expert in the handling of human derelicts, and they give him every chance to demonstrate his powers.

Ordinarily, a prison doctor's duties are of the most perfunctory kind. If a prisoner is sick in body he is transferred to the prison infirmary for treatment.

If he is well the Medical Officer may be called upon to decide how long he can safely be kept on bread and water, or whether he is fit to be flogged.

In most prisons a man must be either ill or insubordinate to claim the attention of the M.O.

Secrets of infancy

At Birmingham, however, prisoners who are in perfect bodily health enjoy constant medical supervision, not for any purpose of punishment, but to discover the hidden mental factors which have predisposed them to crime.

Automatically, every man and woman sentenced by the Birmingham magistrates becomes a patient of Dr. Hamblin Smith.

With patience and sympathy the doctor traces back the life-history of each culprit to earliest infancy, keeping a sharp look-out for mental abnormalities which may call for treatment on approved medical lines.

Frequently, especially in relation to crimes of violence, there are symptoms of epilepsy which only a doctor can detect, but which if overlooked may eventuate in hideous tragedy.

For example, in a North of England town a boy came before the magistrates charged with brutal cruelty to animals—rabbits and white mice. The fact that the victims were his pets suggested insanity of a pronounced and well-recognised type.

The Bench were of opinion that a medical examination might be helpful, but the Clerk of the Court informed them, quite erroneously, that they had no power to remand the prisoner for this purpose.

So the boy was sentenced out of hand to two months' imprisonment. Two months after his release he murdered his aunt, was convicted, and found insane.

Girl out of bondage

Such a thing could not have happened at Birmingham, where in such cases it is the invariable practice of the magistrates to remand the accused for examination by Dr. Hamblin Smith, who over a long period of years has systematically observed the relationship between insanity and crime.

Over his painstaking labours success is unmistakably written.

A girl thief, many times convicted, is now in respectable employment, an honest, industrious worker, whose services are highly valued, although the employers are fully aware of her buried past.

The cure of her criminal propensities she owes entirely to Birmingham's prison doctor, who traced her misdeeds to their hidden mental source and with the skill of the trained psychologist straightened out the twist which was ruining her character and life.

In cases of senseless shoplifting, sexual perversion, and sadistic cruelty, enlightened mental treatment often succeeds where mere punishment dismally fails.

These mysterious stresses of the mind cannot be tortured or thrashed out of human nature, but Dr. Smith can point to case after case of definite and permanent cure.

His work has no warmer admirer than Captain Scott, who at Wakefield endeavoured on rather different lines to redeem men who have embarked upon a criminal career.

It is wrong to-day to speak of Wakefield Jail. The prison there is a Training Centre for men in whom, notwithstanding their criminal rec the authorities see the hope of bet things.

If Birmingham is a moral hospi Wakefield is a moral gymnasium.

It aims to exercise and strengt the weakened conscience of criminal, to reinforce his enfeeb moral control. The institution is of the largest penal establishments the country.

There is a group of well-fitted wo shops. The grounds are extensive, a there is a six-acre playing field.

First offenders are kept carefu apart from the rest, although crimin with two, or even more, convictions given a chance at Wakefield if th seems to be a reasonable hope of w ning them back to a decent mode life.

Wakefield stands for a healthy mo and physical "cure," not a bli punishment with no reformative ai

Prisoners' committee

There is a gymnasium in wh physical exercise is compulsory. Bo ing, football and cricket are used inculcate sportsmanship and se control. In the workshops sh repairing, book-binding, carpentry a other trades are taught.

There are classes in English lite ture and elementary science, a debati society, and concerts in which entire programme is furnished by inmates themselves.

The discipline is largely in prisoners' own hands. They are d tributed in "houses," as they are Borstal, while each house is divid into groups called "crews" with "stroke" as senior man.

The "strokes" are responsible the good conduct of their "crews."

When a member of a crew m behaves he is first warned, and if t be ineffective he has to appear bef all the "strokes" sitting together judgment upon his delinquency.

Only when the "strokes" are una mous that a breach of good cond has been committed is the offence ported to Mr. N. Hilton, who succeed Capt. Scott as governor

Now, a grave question—is the ed of the methods in force at Wakefi to make prison so attractive that m relapse easily into crime?

Souls their own

Captain Scott was able to report af seven years' observation that of fi offenders discharged 90 per cent. h never returned, while of the men c twenty-five years of age, some of th with two or three convictions, nea 80 per cent. after their training Wakefield have up till now avoid fresh conflict with the law.

"The men come out physica better, and their attitude of mind more hopeful," declares Wakefiel Governor.

Because, as one of the prison phrased it, they "may have lost th liberty and perhaps almost their but are allowed to retain their nam their voices and their souls."

Most Men Choose

Gibbs Dentifrice

because it keeps teeth sound and white

The great majority of the public—Men, Women and Children—use Gibbs—the British—Dentifrice in preference to any paste or powder, because it does its work so well.

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Gentle polishing preserves the delicate graining of the enamel. Teeth glow like pearls. Gums are toned-up—made firm and rosy. Buy a case of Gibbs Dentifrice today.

Your teeth are Ivory Castles—defend them with

Gibbs Dentifrice

BRITISH MADE

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G.D. 443

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EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—

In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull" and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

Why do men like to dance with her?

NOT merely because she is a good dancer. She dances as if she *enjoys* it. She radiates vitality. Nothing seems to tire her.

Her simple rule is—Wrigley's after every meal. The great secret of feeling fresh is to keep the *mouth* fresh. And the pure, cool flavour of Wrigley's Chewing Gum refreshes the mouth as nothing else can. Removes all trace of eating, drinking and smoking. And sweetens the breath.

Wrigley's also aids digestion. And cleanses the teeth. It is recommended by doctors and dentists—for reasons of health, of mouth hygiene and of efficiency.

In two flavours—P.K., a pure peppermint flavour—and Spearmint, a pure Mint leaf flavour. Only 1d. a packet—but the finest quality money can buy.

British made by British workmen with Empire materials.

WRIGLEY'S

E.K.10

Daily Bread needs 'Golden Shred' -it's fine

ROBERTSON—only maker.

KEEP YOUR MONEY for a RAINY DAY

BLANFORDS WAY-MEANS EASY TO PAY!

GREAT MONEY-SAVING FUR OFFER

CONTRACT SIGNED TO TAKE THE WHOLE OUTPUT OF A WEST END FURRIER.

When we see a bargain we do not let it pass. It is for that reason we have signed a contract to take all we can get of these two wonderful numbers. Specially selected Baldette Skins. Natural claws and tails. Lined best Art. Silk, modelled by experts. Each stole has a very rich appearance, and looks worth double the price we are asking, 29/11 and 39/11. We are confident that you will not get better value. Send for one on 7 days' approval. If you do not consider it a bargain, return it and we will refund your money. Send 2/6 (no further payment required until you have had the Fur one month) and agree to pay 5/- per month.

FOR 2/6 DOWN

Goods Carriage Paid.

Fur Tie measuring 44 ins. 29/11

Made of 6 specially selected skins. Natural claws and tails. Length 54 ins. 39/11

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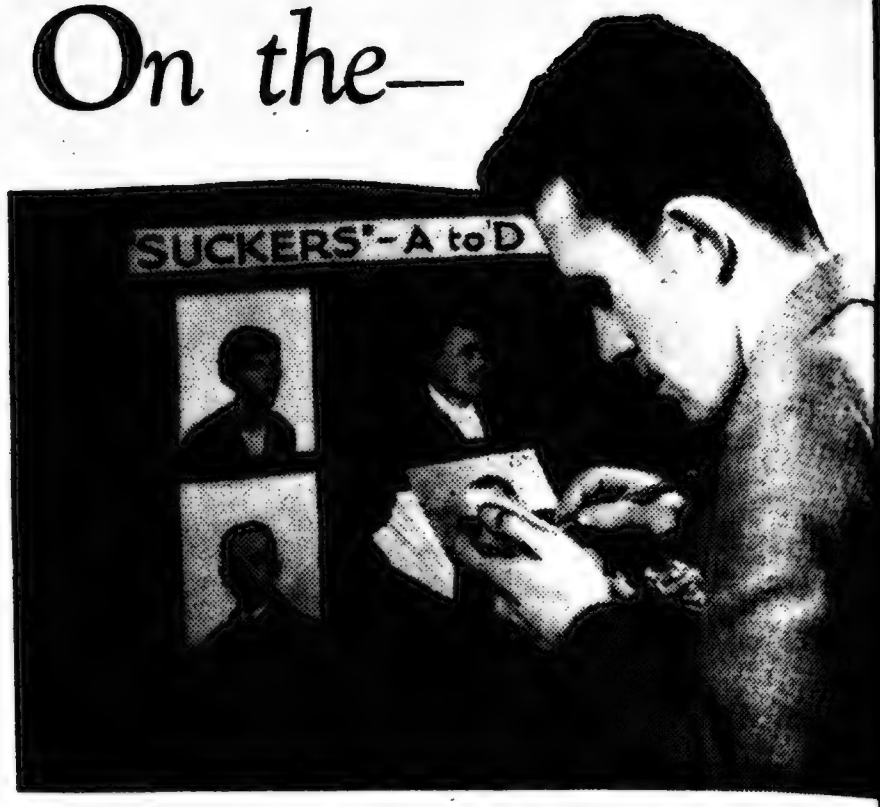
Showrooms open 8.30 a.m. to 6.30 p.m. Thursday 8.30 a.m. to 1 p.m. Saturday 8.30 a.m. to 7 p.m.

Are You On the—



The index files of the "specialist" are mirrors in which he sees the image of the "mugs"

MUGS LIST?

ABYGONE industry is that of the envelope-addresser.

This was the individual who, when all else had failed, undertook the mechanical copying on envelopes of names and addresses from street or telephone directories.

The employer would be an agent who paid a shilling or two per thousand for the addressed envelopes and hawked them among societies and people who contemplated obtaining money from the public for some purpose.

But this haphazard and costly method of preparation and distribution is no longer practised.

It has been replaced by an almost exact science of psychological appeal, referred to among those who are associated with this form of money-making as the Suckers List.

Who's who?

A sucker is someone who, because of his or her perfervid zeal, ignorance, cupidity, or desperate straits, may be approached for money with considerable prospect of it being extracted.

There are now in circulation many lists of suckers, each compiled by specialists for a specific purpose and containing only the names of people who are likely to take a particular kind of bait.

The pioneers in the preparation of these lists were a firm which began business, ostensibly as accountants, six years ago.

They card-indexed and classified the mugs and innocents of Britain with such success that they now occupy two floors of palatial offices in the West End of London, and their business methods have had numerous imitators.

There are selected and general lists of suckers. The first is compiled of people who are known to have parted with money again and again for queer schemes, and it carries with it almost a guarantee of success to the buyer.

The price is £30 or £40 per thousand names.

General lists are much cheaper, varying from £5 to £10 per thousand, according to the nature of the appeal to be made.

The suppliers of these lists are impartial to the motives with which they are used.

They will provide a file of names with equal readiness to a quasi-religious organisation or to the peddler of worthless company shares. Each list will be different, of course, and can be depended upon as having been prepared from experience in the lines required.

A "Red" deal

A bogus organisation which was formed not long ago with the declared object of countering Communism made a good bargain when it purchased a list of the names of 8,000 anti-Red enthusiasts for £250.

In less than three months it had gathered in nearly £45,000 from them.

Moneylenders made the first effective use of mugs lists in an elementary form. They compiled them from the registers of county court judgments and issued their circulars to the debtors.

A few of the more notorious and larger money-lending firms operated on lists obtained by most unscrupulous methods.

They compelled bank clerks who had come into their clutches to provide from the bank ledgers the names of clients whose balances were dwindling seriously or who were being pressed to pay back overdrafts.

These people did not receive the ordinary touting circulars, but special carefully-prepared personal letters.

Happily, this evil has been eradicated since circularising by moneylenders became a penal offence.

The firms which maintain these suckers' lists pay particular attention to the needs of the swindling company promoter.

Almost daily they send a team of women clerks to the Search Department of Somerset House to copy the names and addresses of shareholders in flat-catching companies.

How to qualify

Each name so extracted is entered in a card-index, and when this record reveals that someone has twice been induced to invest money in spurious concerns, this individual is immediately transferred to the suckers list.

His or her name is then passed on to the proprietors of one of the half-dozen bogus financial journals, which are published in London.

They have standing agreements to buy the names of all potential suckers, and from them the names are handed on to the shares-salesmen of the fraudulent companies which these journals exist to boost.

Bogus charities and begging-letter writers can be supplied with appropriate lists at a moment's notice.

It is invariably understood when the purchase is made that the lists can be sold back or exchanged when they have been once used.

All that is required is that the person who has exploited the names provided shall furnish opposite them when returned particulars of the manner in which the individuals responded when approached.

By far the largest business in the buying and selling of suckers lists, however, is in connection with racing and football gambling.

"Certainties"

A modest estimate of the number of names on the lists prepared for this purpose is between three and four million.

Most people have been surprised at some time to receive a correctly addressed circular or letter from a turf tipster in a distant part of the country.

After an interval, if they have not accepted the offer of a "racing certainty," they will receive a communication from another tipster, and the experience may be repeated half a dozen times. Then the pestering will stop.

What has happened is that the name has been deleted from the suckers list after six failures.

It is generally surmised by those who get these circulars that the names have been taken from a directory or reference book.

Tipsters do not spend postage money indiscriminately, however. Those who have been the subject of their touting will usually find the reason if they can their memory back.

It is that at some time they have had a bet with an office bookmaker.

Clerks of starting-price bookmakers are bribed by the suckers list compilers to sell the names of their employer's clients, particularly those who only bet infrequently or those who have been consistent losers.

The majority of the so-called tipsters are frauds, and it is known that the Home Office is now contemplating means to check their activities.

Avoid this peer

The "information" they offer is given on the basis that, if it is successful, they shall receive the starting price odds to a certain sum.

They make sure of success by taking the race with the smallest number of runners, say seven, on the day when the tip is to be issued. Each of the seven runners is then sent to seven different parts of the country.

JOHN BULL readers should be specially on their guard against the wiles of a body calling itself the National Turf Credit Federation, now operating from an address in Edgware Road, London, W.

We would like to know particularly from which source it has obtained the suckers list which it is using.

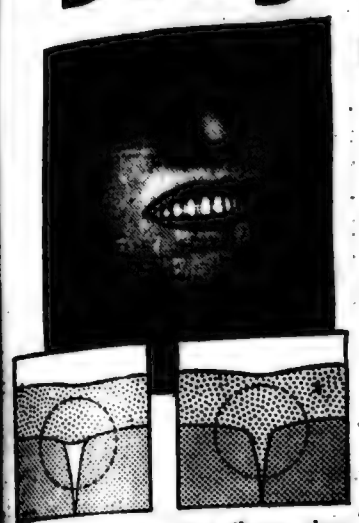
At the head of this so-called Federation is Lord Haldon, a penurious and shady nobleman, whose family crest bears the motto *Deo Ducente—"God Leading Us."*

Lord Haldon's queer show not only purports to act as bookmakers—they have complaints about defaulting—but as tipsters as well.

Its literature declares that its "information" comes from trainers, owners and members of the Royal Household, a statement which we have no hesitation in pronouncing to be false.

And, to beat all, Lord Haldon and his associates are now offering those who unfortunately happen to be on their suckers list odds of 50 to 1 against naming six losers!

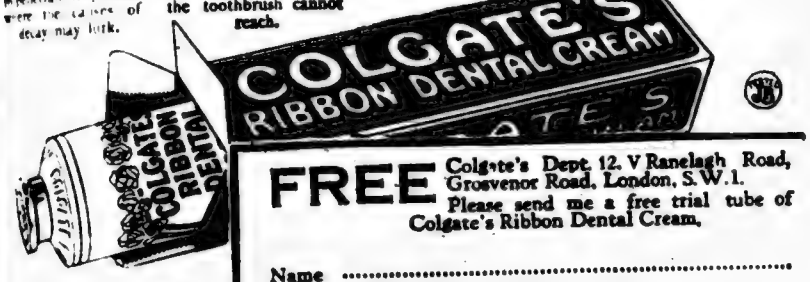
Danger Lurks in Half-clean Teeth!



Greatly magnified picture of tiny tooth crevice. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high surface tension) fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay may lurk.

This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface tension") penetrates deep down into the crevice, cleansing it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.

Your dentist will tell you that not all toothpastes clean alike. A recent scientific test proved that Colgate's has the highest penetrating power of any leading dentifrice. Its penetrating foam surges down into every tiny fissure, dislodging impurities and sweeping them away in a detergent wave.



Made in England
Large Size 1/-

FREE Colgate's Dept. 12, V Ranelagh Road, Grosvenor Road, London, S.W.1.
Please send me a free trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream.

Name .....

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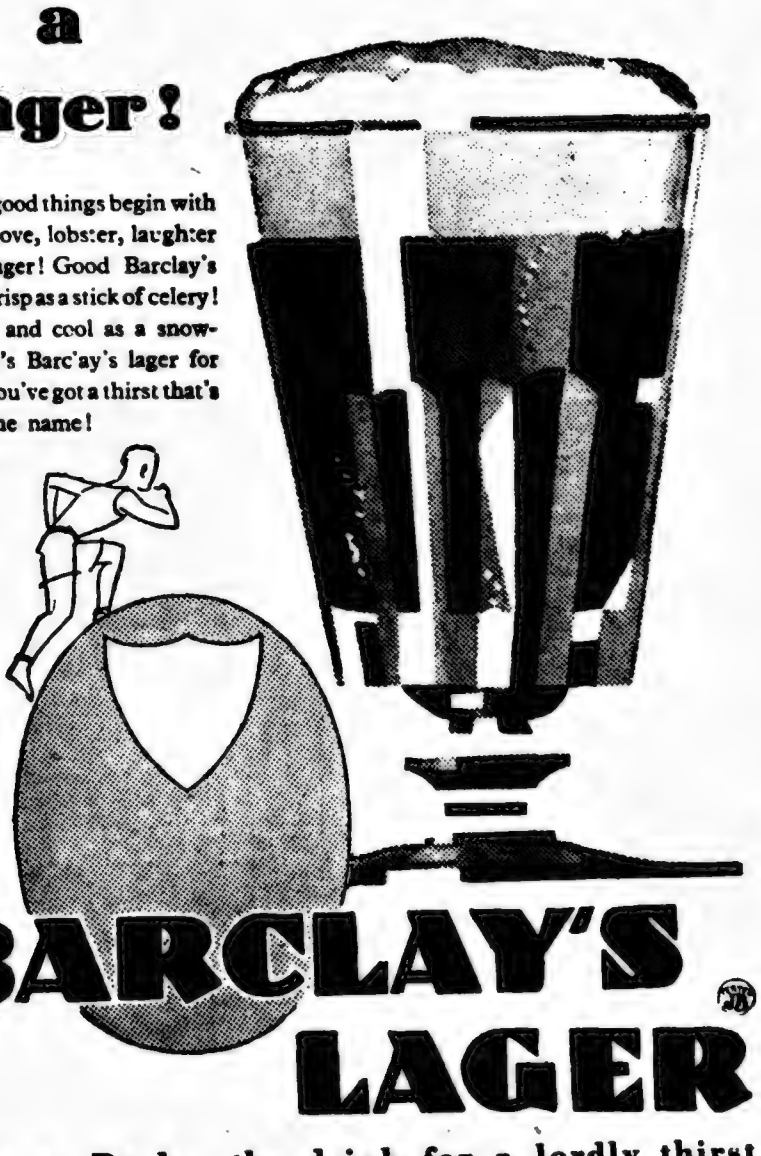
Please Print Clearly

What couldn't I do to a lager!

A lot of good things begin with an 'l'. Love, lobster, laughter—and lager! Good Barclay's lager! Crisp as a stick of celery! Creamy and cool as a snowdrift! It's Barclay's lager for you, if you've got a thirst that's worth the name!



BARCLAY'S LAGER

Light or Dark—the drink for a lordly thirst

PLAYER'S "DIGGER" SHAG

also

DIGGER HONEY DEW
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7½d. PER OUNCE

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A perfect meal *for* Summer days, which will give all the nourishment you need, must include a glass of delicious

'OVALTINE' Served COLD

Prices in Great Britain & N. Ireland, 1/3, 2/- *and* 3/9 *per tin.*

B549

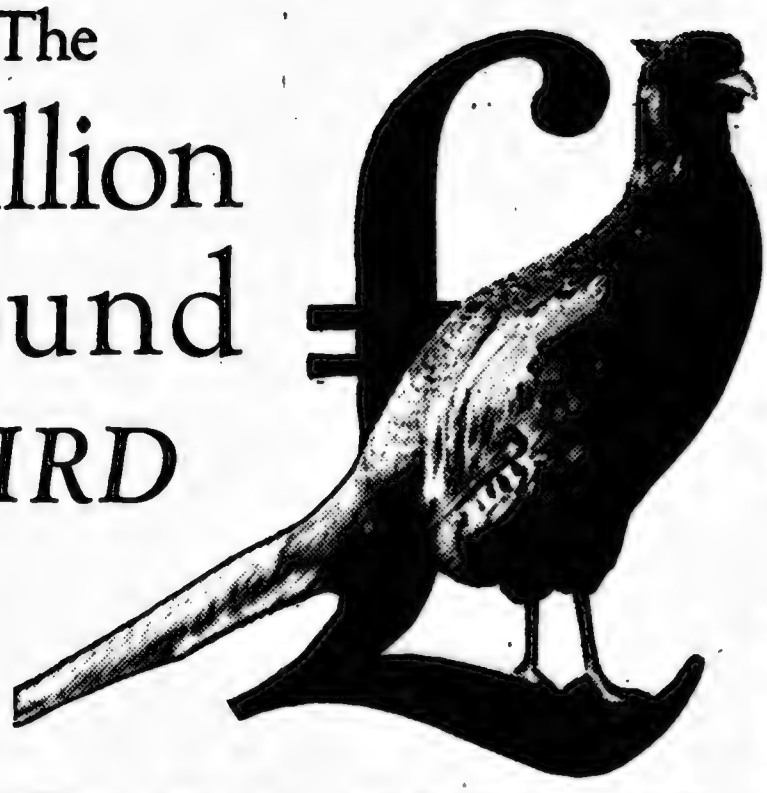
A smashing drive—game and set, and now for some of the world's best refreshers.

There is no substitute for the refreshing flavour of . . .

FOX'S GLACIER MINTS

Get some to-day. They will help you to play better.

The Million Pound BIRD



This cock pheasant has a golden perch, but . . .

MILLIONS of people in Britain are dreaming dreams of sport to come and about six millions of pounds are being spent this season on game birds.

There is scarcely a pin to choose between the wealthy sportsman and the poacher, except that one spends money and the other also kills for love—and to fill the pot.

The difference sometimes forgotten is that the poacher runs real risks for his sport and his pot, while the wealthy man shoots at birds bred and driven for his diversion.

A naughty lad that sporting poacher!

But there is also a great army of genuine sportsmen who dearly love a little shooting which they take in the rough and enjoy most heartily, even the latter end of a thin bag.

Yet if all the money spent in one year on rearing and shooting pheasants, partridges and grouse were handed over to Mr. Snowden, it would probably balance the deficit in the national exchequer.

Mixed!

The biggest preliminary sums are spent on pheasant shooting.

Apart from losses of eggs due to foxes, badgers, rooks and other marauders, the percentage of losses among young wild birds is generally reckoned at about 60 per cent. to 70 per cent.

This means that if the stock on a pheasant shoot is to be maintained, large numbers of eggs or young birds must be bought from egg farms and hatched out under fowls.

The arrangement sometimes results in families getting mixed. Early last season a certain noble lord, who was being treated to a day's sport by a newly-arrived profiteer, was astonished to find a flight of fowls passing over his head.

But fortunately for keepers accidents of this sort are rare. Pheasants' eggs cost between £1 15s. a hundred at the end of the laying season, to £6 a hundred at the beginning of it.

Rather more than three-quarters of the eggs purchased may be expected to hatch out. Day-old chicks cost between £9 and £12 a hundred.

Their own chefs

On a really up-to-date estate, young pheasant chicks are treated with all the care and comfort that is bestowed on a pet canary, or a society lady's Pekinese.

They are fed on an elaborate diet, which is sometimes prepared by a chef who specialises in game-farm cookery.

Some keepers give a course of feeding which is so systematically planned that the diet varies from week to week with the young bird's growth, or even from day to day.

Items of diet include custard, grated hard-boiled eggs, boiled rabbit, soaked biscuit meal, crushed hempseed, various sorts of patent meals—canary and oatmeal.

The very latest thing for baby pheasants is a dry diet, which includes yolk of egg, meat, ants' eggs from Finland, pinhead oatmeal, and dried flies skimmed from the inland lakes of Mexico.

Egg pirates

Two estates in Cheshire have reared pheasants lately for about seven shillings a bird. On the other hand, where birds are given a modern upbringing, it may cost £1 per bird, or even more.

But there are egg pirates and fraudulent egg dealers who get the whole of their stock by robbing the estates.

Not long ago, partridges' eggs were collected in thousands and despatched to France. But recently, notices posted up over the greater part of the Eastern Counties, offering a reward of £2 for the detection of egg stealers, seem to to have frightened them away.

But egg stealing is common in many parts of Scotland and the Midlands. There is a certain firm of game dealers offering to supply live game and eggs in season which despatches its stock from a Scottish station. It has been challenged over and over again to name the estate from which it gets its supplies.

Even when birds have been reared and sent into the wild there is still the risk of having them poached.

Poachers have always been at least as clever as town-bred crooks, and if anything more dangerous. Hard times since the war have increased their numbers and made some of them reckless of human life.

. . . he little knows what's coming to him

There have been many cases of keepers being fired at by gangs poachers, and several of the kee and poachers being killed.

Nowadays poachers use new and proved types of air-guns for si night work among roosting pheas and silk drag-nets for partridges.

A new type of poacher has also c into the field—the motor-car poac Pheasants have grown accustome road traffic, and may be sniped ease from cars on roads run through estates.

Thousands of watchers

A quick get-away in the country such a simple matter that poacher cars have now come to the point organising partridge drives.

Last year two cars were seen various parts of Suffolk. In each them was a party of five, and while of them took up their positions shooting, the other acted as beat In this way they shot over parts several estates.

The last census returns gave a t of 9,367 gamekeepers and watch employed on English and W estates. About 1,200 of these are e ployed on grouse moors, leaving s eight thousand for partridge pheasant estates.

The wages bill for these, includ tips, amounts to about £500,000. addition there is an annual wages of about £100,000 for beaters, ken men and oddments, giving a total £600,000.

A sportsman who rents a gro moor may expect to pay £2 per br of birds shot. But this scale var If the moor is inconveniently placed might get it for £1 a brace, or e less. If it is one of the most fam moors in Scotland, he may have to as much as £2 10s. a brace.

It is usual, of course, to rent house along with the moor. For fr £1,500 to £2,000 a man might expect get the use of an average-sized gro moor, with a comfortable house the services of two gamekeepers fo period of three months.

Since the war some of the tra atlantic steamship companies h taken over the letting of grouse mo in Scotland, and a brisk business done with rich Americans.

On the average, Scottish gro moors yield rather less than a mill brace of grouse a year, and the re of moors total approximately £1,500,0

The big bill

English and Welsh moors produce bag of about 320,000 brace of grou and the lettings amount to £400,000.

All told, therefore, the grouse mo of Great Britain let for an annual s of rather less than two million poun

The number of keepers employed Scottish grouse moors is to-day pro ably between 3,000 and 3,500, with annual wages bill of about £200,000.

Allowing a sum of £70,000 for t 1,200 keepers on the grouse moors England and Wales, we get a total £770,000 for the annual wages of the gamekeepers of Great Britain.

If a further £230,000 be allowed f additional labour, such as beaters, pr vision of beer and lunches for the and all extras, it means that a milli pounds is paid every year by shoote in wages and extras.

In Scotland it is estimated that f every pound spent on renting grou moors, another pound is spent travelling, carriage of goods, cartridge extra wages, dogs, household supplie hiring and entertaining.

If we take the same proportion f England and Wales, we get a total four million pounds spent annually o grouse shooting alone.

Reckoning in a modest estimate two million pounds for all the ex penses of partridge, pheasant an other types of game-bird shooting, th result is a grand total of six milli pounds a year.

£650

Awarded in "John Bull's" Cross-Word Competition No. 75.

In the above Competition, solutions containing one error were received from the following seven competitors, who thus share the £600 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the contest, a cheque for £85 14s. 4d. will be despatched.

W. Bayliss, 35, Princess Road, Evesham.
G. E. Dawes, 45, Garden Street, Nelson, Lancs.
F. Dunningham, "Bethel," Old Heath, Colchester, Essex.
A. E. Harris, The Gables, Stanton Drew, Som.
P. J. McLoughlin, 18, Gordon Rd., Ilford.
Mrs. Waters, The Nook, Gt. Glen, Leicester.
M. M. Yelland (senr.), Black Torrington, Beaworthy, Devon

Solutions containing two errors each were received from the following 48 competitors, who share the additional £50, each receiving £1 0s. 10d.

Airey, Mrs. M., 25, Furnace St., F. Field, Hyde, Cheshire.
Beasley, Mrs. G., Whaplode Drove, Nr. Wisbech.
Birch, S., 1, Alexandra St., Folkestone
Black, Mrs. H., 3, Buccleuch Road, Sanquhar, Dumfriesshire.
Blakeley, Mrs. A., 73, Woodward St., Butler St., Manchester.
Booth, W. E., 279, Union Grove, Aberdeen.
Brougham, W. R., 29, Elliott St., West Hartlepool.
Browne, A., 113, Batson St., Govanhill, Glasgow.
Buckley, Mrs. R. V., 26, Dovercourt Rd., Park, Sheffield.
Burton, Mrs. E., Mount Pleasant, Fleur-De-Lys, Pengam.
Bunyan, F. R., 15, Heythorpe St., Southfields, S.W.
Chorley, Miss E., 5, Maple St., Sunderland
Clifford, J., 13, Victoria Tce., Dawson Rd., Handsworth, Birmingham.
Dell, Mrs. H., Milton House, Dale St., Ossett, Yorks.
Dunn, F., 31, Maidstone St., Victoria Park, Bristol.
Dunn, J. E., 64, Central Ave., Northfield, Birmingham.
Dixon, Mrs. J., Front Street, Sacriston, Co. Durham.
Grummitt, Miss A. M., 47, Alexandra Rd., Northampton.
Hack, E., Forest House, Cadnam, Hants
Hayward, Mrs. E., Park Estate, Oulton Broad, Suffolk.
Heasman, A. E., The Bungalow, Salford Priors, Nr. Evesham.
Holder, Mrs. M., 7, Chapel Row, George Street, York.
Hunter, Mrs. M., 40, Park Road, Rosyth, Fife.
Jenkins, Mrs. J., Barnsdale, St. Ninians, Stirling.
Johnson, Mrs., 7, Rudall Cres., Hampstead, N.W.3.
Joiner, Miss D., The Cottage, Pitt Towers, Walton-on-Thames.
Llewelyn, W., Rhianfa, Garnant, S. Wales.
Lloyd, M., 12, Adrian Terrace, Rochdale.
Manston, A., Crindall, Alderholt, Salisbury
McKey, Mrs. J., 2 Devoy Rd., Curragh, Co. Kildare.
Mitchell, W., Inverinan, Taynuilt.
Morton, Miss E., 118, Queens Road, Dalston, E.8.
Mulford, A., Lavender Cottage, Whitchurch, Hants.
Naylor, J. H., 33, Newtown Rd., Bedworth, Nuneaton.
Noble, P., 15, Rhyl St., Featherstone, Yorks.
Norton, Mrs. C. E., 42, Kimberley Rd., Chingford, E.4.
Orr, W., 11, Editha St., Stockwell, S.W.9.
Parr, Mrs., 15, Grange St., Clayton-le-Moors, Nr. Accrington.
Patience, A., 20, Lorne St., Edinburgh.
Peacock, A. E., 2, Sandy Lane, Weston Point, Runcorn.
Pickering, S., 39, Gleave St., St. Helens, Lancs.
Ridgway, K. E., Fourways, Woodchester, Glos.
Scott, J., Lane Cottages, Gainsboro' Rd., Willoughton, Lincoln.
Smith, Mrs. H., 13, Lifford Rd., Doncaster.
Spry, A., 2, Alfred St., Murton Colliery, Co. Durham.
Stile, H., Exwick, Exeter.
Tester, J. W., 7, Lyford St., S.E.18.
Young, Mrs. H. C., Brancaster, Staithe, Kings Lynn.

Another £600 X-Word appears on page 32. Try Your Skill Now!

For all motorists...

If you're too busy to stop for lunch, or you've planned an impromptu meal by the wayside—Armour's Veribest Corned Beef is the best thing to take with you. Armour's Veribest is all real, good beef. Tasty, tempting, tender corned beef. Cheaper than cheese and just as nourishing. Get it from your grocer sliced or in tins.

The doctor is busy to-day,
So he must have his meals on the way
When it's time for his lunch,
At a sandwich he'll munch,
Made of Armour's Corned Beef so they say.

Armour's Veribest CORNED BEEF

Armour's Veribest Ox Tongues are perfectly delicious. Try one and see.

A.B.30/13

BIRD'S is best —and best with fruit.

"'Bird's' is the only Custard that tastes as good as it looks."

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the foremost writer and leading authority on Football will contribute during the coming Season

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How Do *YOU* Feel?

INERTIA! A Heavy Dullness that fastens on the Body, Depresses the Spirits, "Jangles" the Nerves, makes work a Daily Trial—makes the Home, the Office or the Factory well-nigh unbearable! Have YOU felt it? It is Summer's Greatest Bugbear!

The body is Weakened and "Weary." The Tide of Vitality is at a low ebb.

Nearly everybody feels it—that is why YOU should commence to take a course of "Yeast-Vite" Quick-Tonic Tablets to-day, for they will supply your Body with just what it lacks—essential Vitamins and TONIC STIMULATION. But, most important of all, they will restore your Alertness, Energy, and Health QUICKLY and LASTINGLY.

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NERVE PAINS	In	5/15 MINS.
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T.C.B.

Human Documents

A Bath-Chair LOTHARIO

SIX years ago I met the man who now is my husband when I was passenger on the big liner on which he was a steward. He was not always able to get a berth, and after we married I got a post to help things out.

My job was well paid. I was secretary to an organisation doing social work in a seaport, and I not only kept myself, but managed to save.

In time I got quite a nice little home together, and all was going well when my husband, instead of coming home in decent time when he was on shore, began to stay out until all hours.

One day a friend inadvertently revealed the truth. She had seen my husband drunk in company with a most disreputable woman.

I verified the fact, and when I reproached him, my husband professed himself eager to break the undesirable acquaintance. I forgave him, stored my furniture, and we came to London to make a clean start—he as butler and I as cook in private service.

Yet his unsatisfactory conduct caused him to lose this job.

I tramped endless hours in search of work until one day my landlady told me another woman had been brought to my room in my absence and introduced to her as my husband's sister.

IT was a lie, and I decided to break with him altogether. When he knew I intended to appeal to the law he was horribly frightened, and said if I would wait he would go to sea again.

He managed to get a berth, and I, too, was lucky to get a new job.

This year he came home for a holiday, and just when things seemed going well at last he was seized with a stroke of paralysis. He was taken to hospital, and, improving somewhat, was sent home, when I had him bedridden for weeks.

Eventually he was able to get up, and I resumed work.

To make his life more bearable, I procured a bath-chair and got his father to wheel him out.

On one of these jaunts he appears to have been met by the "sister" lady over whom our quarrel took place, and she, professing the most heartfelt sympathy, suggested that it might cheer him if she came in to look after him whilst I was at work.

Now I have the misery of knowing that I am being fooled. My husband is making his condition an excuse for carrying on a sordid intrigue with a widow seven years his senior, and she is worming her way into my house to be kept at my expense.

"HUMANIST" says: Surely one healthy wife should be more than a match for an invalid husband tied to a bath-chair.

Order this unpleasant person to keep out of your house and engage a more suitable, and more elderly, woman to look after the invalid.

DESERTED PANS

—*a butler's dilemma*

I AM a butler, good at my job and able to please my employers—if I could be left to do it. But there is a snag.

I am married, and my wife and I take places where she can work as cook-housekeeper.

This always seems an ideal arrangement to new employers, who visualise us as a staid couple anxious to settle down. They find, however, that no sooner are we settled than my wife, their cook, bustles out again.

This is due to my mother-in-law, who has a terrible habit, whatever little ache or pain attacks her, of bombarding my wife with telegrams. She wires "Seriously ill. Please come."

My wife at once leaves pots and pans and dashes to the rescue. She has been known to disappear in the midst of a dinner party.

The result is that we have had three situations in the last eighteen months and are under notice at the fourth.

I have offered to let my wife live at home with her mother while I get a single-handed place, but this she always refuses. She won't hear of it.

I may add that my mother-in-law has other daughters both married and single.

"HUMANIST" says: Be firm and don't allow your wife to throw you among the unemployed. Get yourself a butler's job and leave her to get a single-handed place where she can't upset yours.

HERE you read some tough problems of real life, and the solutions that "HUMANIST" proposes for them. One day you, too, will be up against a difficulty which you cannot face alone. "HUMANIST" will deal with it through the post. Send a stamped, addressed envelope. For the three most poignant documents published the Editor will pay £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d.

A Life's Chance

"No one is useless in the world who lightens the burden of it for anyone else," wrote Dickens. An opportunity of being really useful is given by "The Greatest of These . . ." Fund. See p. 34.

REFINED CRUELTY

of a madman?

FOR nearly two years I and my little boy of twelve have been subsisting on a weekly allowance from my husband of 11s a week.

Before the 11s. arrangement I handled no money at all. My husband clung to all he earned, and bought what he considered suitable.

This was so poor in quality and limited in quantity that I became seriously run down and ill, and the district nurse who was called in practically forced my husband to make another arrangement.

As I have no spectacular black eyes to show to the court, and cannot produce bruises or say that he hits me, the law apparently will give me no redress.

Yet both I and the boy are terrified of him. Once when we had been out all day gathering whinberries we got belated and stayed out on the mountain-side all night rather than venture return to him.

What I really fear that he may be mentally deranged, for some of his actions are strange beyond belief.

Sometimes, for instance, he will gather great handfuls of flowers and strew them down the stairs for me to walk upon.

On occasions he calls me "The Bee of the Passover," and uses other queer language. His eyes go to pin-point and his face is livid with anger.

Once, when my boy was more than usually hungry, I called in the inspector of the N.S.P.C.C., who looked in my empty cupboards and at the bag of flour my husband had opened and scattered. He advised me to appeal to the law.

I applied to a solicitor, but he asked me nothing but irrelevant questions and said he feared there was nothing he could do in the matter.

"HUMANIST" says: Appeal to the magistrate for a legal separation on the grounds of cruelty.

It may be that a medical examination will result in your husband being pronounced incompetent to manage his affairs, and his detention in an asylum ordered for your safety.

The KICK-OFF

IN our next issue will appear the first of the season's Football Forecasts which will be given each week by JOHN BULL's Own Expert on the game.

A football journalist of ripe experience, his hints will be an essential guide to all serious followers of the League fixtures.

In addition to the complete forecast published in JOHN BULL each Thursday for the following Saturday, special last-minute tips will be coded in the *Daily Herald* and the *Sporting Life* on Saturday mornings.

FORGE STAGE

of a domestic drama

THE son of a country blacksmith, now finishing a four years' apprenticeship to a wheelwright, after leaving school went to work on a farm. My wages were 17s. 6d. a week, which included Sunday duties. Every penny of this for two long years, I handed to my parents.

My father had then the notion to apprentice me to the wheelwright, being of opinion that he could add to his earnings as blacksmith by utilising my ability in woodworking later.

Thus at sixteen I began my new job. I am now twenty, but I have never had so much as sixpence a week pocket-money from my parents, who have always taken all my earnings.

My wheelwright friend, seeing my plight, would often give me a shilling for myself. I would do odd jobs after hours, and have earned as much as 30s. in a month.

But this also my father took, swearing horribly if I missed an hour or took a night off.

Now comes my problem.

My apprenticeship finishes in September, and my boss, knowing my miserable home-life, has offered me a sort of conditional partnership.

He proposes to bank £100 as working capital in order to launch out a little. He proposes that we each draw 30s. a week out of profits to live upon until the end of the working year, when any surplus shall be equally divided.

It is also arranged that year by year part of my profits shall be reinvested in the "firm" until I have paid up my share of working capital, and he is prepared to have an agreement drawn up.

Friends urge me to close with the offer as soon as I am twenty-one. But my father says unless I fall in with his plan of adding wheelwrighting to the smithy he will turn me out and never speak to me again.

He has seemingly turned my mother and sisters against me also, for they are always calling me a hard-hearted ingrate.

"HUMANIST" says: As you have no capital to risk, save your labour, you will do well to take the chance offered by your wheelwright friend.

The contract being for your benefit, your signature to the agreement will hold good.

YOU SUFFER WITH HEADACHE?

easy to get quick relief and vent future attack. Avoid bro- and drugs that are dangerous only temporarily relieve; the still remains within.

The right and harmless way is to get the cause—Get rid of the and acid stomach, relieve the stones of the decayed and poi- food matter, gently stimu- the liver, and the waste matter which causes your headache will away. Ask your chemist for a pkg. Carter's Little Liver Pills.

GIFTS FIRST COUPONS AFTERWARDS

Amazing Offer!

Free Gift excitement awaits you! In- having to smoke and smoke and smoke, and and wait and wait before getting something needs having but your Cigarette Coupons, get of "NAVY CLUB" Cigarettes to-day, and get either a beautiful 23 Gns. "DENNIS" super-Portable, in mahogany case, with tuning dial, Mullard Valves, Stadion Batteries OR a "CHELTOPHONE" full size Portable gramophone in strong made case with best quality and full pack of eight records.

to approach this offer has ever been made You can get delivery of these gifts im- and simply send Coupons as you smoke. of this revolutionary offer, together Free Coupons (value 3/4) to start your col- will be sent to readers of JOHN BULL who of "NAVY CLUB" empty Carton, to- with this advertisement. Post in ½d. stamped envelope, and address **L. & J. FABIAN (J.B.21), 74, New Bond Street, London, W.1.**

Cut this out for reference.

VOLLERS'

"VECO" Reg. Model BRASSETTE

from

MAKER TO WEARER

7/6 POST FREE

sizes 28 to 36 ins. to 38 ins. 9/-

"Veco" model has the greatest boon to everywhere. Low top the addition of a and the brassette com- two garments in one. corset assured. At proof? The Brassette wonderful value for Such a price is only because it is supplied maker to wearer. in A drill in Pink, and three spiral supports, below waist. Top part material, hook front and inset under arm to form sure, four suspenders, to prevent elastic shoulder Laced at back send returning remittance stat- colour and size. Cash re- in full if not satisfied.

makers and suppliers:—

VOLLERS (Dept. J.B.) PORTSMOUTH.

HEART and Nerve TROUBLE?

PRESCRIPTION THAT ALWAYS BRINGS RELIEF

HEART DISEASE IS RARE; don't be alarmed because suffer from palpitation or pain near the heart. Most indigestion, it's overstrung nerves. **Shadforth Tonic (No. 632)** will strengthen the nerves, steady the heart, and tone up stomach and kidneys. Don't allow yourself into an illness; have a good rest, take the prescription, and be normal in a few days. Strength: 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144), 13/- (432 pills).

The prescription prevents palpitation, faintness, heart failure, tremblings, run-down condition and that terrible feeling of falling to pieces feeling.

Obtainable post free at these prices from

SHADFORTH PRESCRIPTION SERVICE, LTD.,
DISPENSING CHEMISTS (Dept. J.B. 42),
KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4, and Branches.

All chemists (including Boots) obtain to order at short notice.

FATE brings FAME and FORTUNE to modest girl.

Europe's NEW BEAUTY QUEEN owes her wonderful success to casual purchase of Mousse of Cream Powder

"Quite by chance I bought a box of Mousse of Cream Powder."

WINNING THE COVETED TITLE.
Miss Diplarakos being crowned Queen of Beauty for 1930.

Mousse of Cream Powder banishes a shiny nose for ever.

Stays on all day in spite of weather or perspiration while playing games or dancing.

Gives amazing beauty to the complexion never before obtained.

1/-
A BOX

MISS EUROPE SAYS:—

"A shilling helped me to be elected Queen. One day, quite by chance I bought a box of Tokalon Mousse of Cream Powder. Why the Mousse of Cream?

Now I know, for the mystery was revealed by increased beauty, a clearer complexion, whiter skin, results which I had never been able to obtain with ordinary powders.

When the thrilling, anxious moment came for me to present myself before the judges composing the most exacting jury which was ever formed, I depended entirely on Poudre Tokalon, for I knew that even after many hours, neither heat, excitement, nor even perspiration (for the hall was very hot) could alter the effect produced by this marvellous powder."

Signed, ALICE DIPLARAKOS,
"Miss Europe" 1930.

Poudre Tokalon is the only Mousse of Cream Face Powder. Its amazing properties are due to the blending, by a patented process, of "Mousse of Cream" with the finest air-floated powder. It gives marvellous beauty. So remarkably adherent that it stays on all day. Constant powdering is totally unnecessary. No one will ever dream that the exquisite complexion you gain is not all your own natural loveliness. The new Rachette shade (dark Rachel) is specially prepared for sun-tanned skins and pronounced brunette complexions.

1/- a box, Large box (double 1/- size) 1/6. Compacts 1/3, Refills 9d.

The winners of the principal International Beauty Contests in the past four years have all confessed, after the contest, that they used Poudre Tokalon—the Mousse of Cream Powder. It gives the final and supreme touch of loveliness to the complexion that wins every time in beauty competitions and in everyday life.

FREE TRIAL COUPON

Send this coupon and 3d. in stamps (to cover postage, packing, etc.), for de luxe sample outfit of Poudre Tokalon in popular shades, and Creme Tokalon Skin food for both day and night use. Tokalon Ltd. (Dept. 974B), 212, Gt. Portland Street, London, W.1.

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Address .....

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If you want to bet on
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Common Forms of INDIGESTION

Whatever form your Indigestion may take, Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges, made only by Savory & Moore, will relieve it. Here are a few instances :—

INDIGESTION.—"Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges are the very best remedy I have been able to get. I have tried everything I have seen advertised, but nothing has done me any good. I dreaded to eat anything, but now one lozenge has the desired effect. I cannot praise them highly enough."

FLATULENCE.—"I am delighted to state that they are truly magical in their effect. All symptoms of flatulence, flushed cheeks, etc., after meals are now at once dispersed. Also the oppressive feeling of fulness."

LONG-STANDING DYSPEPSIA WITH DISTRESSING HEARTBURN.—"The Lozenges certainly give great relief . . . I personally will prescribe them" (medical man).

FLATULENCE AT NIGHT.—"One or two taken when required seem most useful in dispelling wind and other discomforts which interfere with proper sleep."

HUNGER PAIN.—"Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges are the only things I know of that take away that intense 'Hunger Pain' which is such acute suffering" (medical man).

Boxes 1/3, 3/- and 5/- of all Chemists.

A FREE SAMPLE

of Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges will be sent on receipt of a postcard. Mention JOHN BULL and address :—Savory & Moore, Ltd., Chemists to The King, 143A, New Bond Street, London, W.1.

Our Letter Parliament

THE BOOKS I Read —and why

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, August 28.

What Trade Unions Have Done (or Not Done) for Me

FOR a sociable companion there is nothing to compare with a Dickens novel.

Each time it is read something extra is gleaned, and the bond of sympathy between author and reader grows closer.

When winter comes, with one of these novels and a cosy fireside, the poor are rich and present-day cares can be forgotten while wandering in fancy "through Canterbury's sleepy streets."—*Mrs. Youngson, Sunderland.*

Real Doings

Biographies for me. As the Lancashire proverb has it, "There's nowt so queer as folk!"

And there is enlightenment, amusement, incentive and the feeling of a "common humanity" in the sayings, doings, aspirations and achievements of other people.

What does it matter that they are, for the most part, revealed to us through rose-tinted spectacles? A bit of colour gives added value to the average biography.—*George E. Rogers, Middlesex.*

Mother's Thrill

The children are in bed; the ironing, scrubbing, meal-making, washing-up and cleaning are finished for the day. The worries of running a home on thirty shillings a week are forgotten.

I seek the company of crooks and murderers, the thrilling chase and the clash of wits—with Conan Doyle and Edgar Wallace.

I read to change my environment, if only by proxy.—*C. S., Brentford.*

Love in Idleness

Give me a good love story or a family chronicle. The reason? Because, although I was always well cared for, love played no part in my upbringing; consequently I am now never happier than when I mingle with the happy, loving families depicted in storyland.—*Kathleen, Birmingham.*

Stranger—and Stronger

The books I read are real life ones—working-class life preferred. Truth is not only stranger than fiction, it is stronger.

What working lad is not stirred by such heroes as Bob Smillie, Jack London, and Keir Hardie, who bore terrible hardships in their fight for justice for the under-dog?

Joe Corrie's poems and plays are a joy to me. For Joe was a miner, and I understand miners. From amidst stark ugliness he writes of beauty and love, while through it all runs the spirit of rebellion.—*Frank Pritchard, Drybrook.*

An Antidote

"If you want murder or mud, pass on. There is none here!" Such is the gist of the opening of one of John Oxenham's books.

In these days of sensationalism, contemporary crime of every description is avidly seized upon by many indecent-minded authors who pander to unstable minds.

What a relief it is, then, to be able to turn to Oxenham's books to find high ideals, enviable characters and sincerity portrayed?—*S. M. W., Wallasey.*

A Comfortable Catch

I read JOHN BULL for its information,
And watch the Press for confirmation.
The classics provide some education;
Theology calls for reformation.
Novels are good for relaxation,
And the Bible a help to dodge damnation.—*H. M., Penarth.*

The Rejected

I read books which perhaps only a dozen or so other people will ever read.

I'm a publisher's reader, and the books which come my way are many and varied; novels, plays, poems and biography. All have to be read, and I enjoy reading them.

The pity of it is, that some books which appeal to me immensely have to be sent back to the writer, because they are not commercial propositions.—*J. W. D., London, S.W.*

My Boy's Romance

I read boys' school stories and "Treasure Island," "Huckleberry Finn" and "Tom Sawyer."

Why? Because I am curious to know why my thirteen-year-old son lies on the rug for hours reading these books while the other boys are out at play.

I want to know why he makes lunges at our dog with an imaginary sword or rolls over, convulsed with laughter, or chuckles quietly to himself, or takes hefty kicks at anything handy, as he turns over the pages.

And I enjoy finding out immensely!—*Mrs. W., Bolton.*

Smile—You Blighter

I must read of life's lighter side[s] choose all the most uproariously fu[nny] books; I read of Bindle, William, Jee[ves] Mrs. 'Arris—children of the mod[ern] humorist.

I seek comedy in literature, for in [life] I am acutely conscious of the tra[gedy] that goes on all around me. Th[ank] God, I can still laugh!—*Daniel Wil[son], Reading.*

Hard Tack

Books on sociology, political econo[my] and industrial history I read, for bo[th] school never taught me any history [or] the conditions of workers.

By reading such books I can so[me]times instil an idea in other work[ers'] minds which may lead them to s[eek] knowledge for themselves.

When the workers educate themse[lves] in things that really matter, then [and] sooner their emancipation will come.—*T. H. Carr, Plymouth.*

The Broad Spaces

By repute, Scotsmen are deemed to [be] travellers and colonisers, and so[me]through lack of "saxpences" am I [not] barred from joining that favoured [sec]tion of humanity.

My only consolation is a ceaseless d[ive]ing into books of travel and explorat[ion] and I re-live with and take part in [the] adventures of those who write books [of] travel.

An insight to the beauties of [the] world and a knowledge of the peo[ple] who inhabit it I find between my bo[ok] covers.—*Bert Stronach, Streatham.*

To Forget

Living, there are great kings, g[reat] writers, visionaries and saints. Th[ere] are thieves, cowards and beasts.

I am one of the thousands of ordin[ary] people who never actually meet any [but] just ordinary people.

But in fiction I may know a[nd] speak to them, love them, hate th[em] despise them as I wish. So, I read [the] books which can create a charac[ter] which lives. Books which are not me[ant] for scholars or fanatics.

My work is dull, my health often po[or], my surroundings tend to create narr[ow]ness and to depress, and I read alw[ays] to forget.—*E. A. Wood, Bucks.*

* * *

". . in the Running Brook

Read "Pickwick Papers" at twe[lve] and every year until you are seven[ty] the jokes are never stale.—*P. E., Suffo[lk].*

Since success gets to the heads [of] authors just as quickly as any ot[her] people, my reading is mostly confined [to] the uncelebrated writers.—*Reader, Gl[ou]cester.*

If I don't like a popular book I la[y] aside for a year or two. It took me [ten] years to read "Sartor Resartus."—*Strephon, Co. Durham.*

The books I read are those of [the] broad highway. I fancy that all [the] dear, ridiculous things happening with[in] their covers will one day happen to [me].—*D. M. K., Greenock.*

I read my Latin Grammar, Fren[ch], English, Geography and History bo[oks] during term because I should be ca[ned] if I did not, but in the holidays how I revel in P. G. Wodehouse!—*Schoolb[oy], Cheshire.*

Race with "Silver Ring"

Wiry "GREASE PAINT"

I SHALL not have another chance of referring to the Ebor Handicap, and, as the acceptances have not been published at the time of writing, may be forgiven for taking two bites at the cherry.

Grease Paint, who did Code followers a good turn when winning the Lewes Handicap at 7 to 1, is almost certain to figure among the fighters.

I was not too impressed by his "looks" at Lewes—he is one of the wiry type—but nothing in the race had a chance with him from the start.

Sharpe took him straight to the head of the field and stayed there.

One of these days some of the more fashionable jockeys will tumble to Sharpe's tactics in long-distance races and keep him within striking distance.

Sharpe is such a fine judge of pace that he does not come back to them as they anticipate.

I couple Lord Derby's three-year-old filly, Norland, with Grease Paint.

For some time past she has been assisting Eirene in her St. Leger preparation, and, although she missed the August Handicap at Kempton, is in the pink of condition.

Norland has won four of her five races this season. In each case the opposition was moderate, but the filly could not do more than win easily.

Some people will pass her over on the score of her age—three-years-olds seldom win the "Ebor"—but Cap-A-Pie annexed the spoils for Lord Derby three years ago.

Cap-A-Pie's career was pretty much the same as Norland's. He won several races, but did not attempt anything big before going for the "Ebor."

I notice my St. Leger tip, Singapore, has been cut to 20 to 1. Gordon Richards has been riding Lord Glanely's colt at exercise lately.

At Hurst Park this week-end Cornette should win the Maze Plate. I like Devonie for the "Nonsuch" on Saturday, and suggest Broken Ice and Apache for the "double."

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, August 21, to Wednesday August 27.

E 2 K S A W 3 L Z U 5 D Y V N

M T F 9 I B C Q H G R P X J O

In place of the Code letters printed in the *Sporting Life* and the *Daily Herald*, read the one above or below, as the case may be. WIX2NBO would read BAYTOWN.

"SILVER RING"

'ASPRO' Sales phenomenal!

The PRINCIPAL PHARMACIST & PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMIST OF THE ROYAL ARSENAL CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY states
147, Powis St., Woolwich, S.E.18
Messrs. Aspro, Ltd.
Dear Sirs, July 4th, 1930.
Our sales of 'ASPRO' are phenomenal, which is a definite proof that the public find this preparation does what it says.
Enclosed further order.
Yours faithfully,
—, Ph.C., M.P.S.
(Pharmacy Superintendent.)
PHARMACY
DEPARTMENT

READ ABOVE MESSAGE From Pharmacy Superintendent of THE ROYAL ARSENAL CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY Ltd

When a great and representative institution, with six fully qualified chemists and pharmacists, writes in the above strain about an article, surely it is definite proof that the claims made for such an article must be true, otherwise such phenomenal sales would not take place. The fact that 'ASPRO' sales are always increasing is proof that its service is continuous. 'ASPRO' claims that it will banish the most agonising headache in a few minutes—that it will relieve an acute rheumatic attack in one night. It also claims that its soothing influence will banish sleeplessness by bringing sweet sleep to the sleepless. For colds, influenza and kindred complaints 'ASPRO' is the greatest antidote ever discovered. That you stop the fever and you stop the cold is a generally accepted fact. 'ASPRO' stops the fever and prevents the development of colds and influenza. For all kinds of aches and pains—as a help for every woman—as pain insurance in the home, 'ASPRO' is unparalleled. Quick action is the keynote of 'ASPRO' success. Then comes safety, and 'ASPRO' is so safe that even a child can take it. It neither harms the heart nor affects the digestion. And it can be taken anywhere or at any time.

READ THESE LETTERS.

DOCTORS ASK NURSE FOR 'ASPRO'

Great Baddow, Essex.

Dear Sirs,

I am a fully-trained Nurse, and nothing I have tried comes up to 'ASPRO.' More than once when I have been out to a case I have had Doctors say to me, "Got an 'ASPRO'? My head does ache." I am never without it in my bag. Everyone I meet is complaining of head owing to the wind. I give them two 'ASPRO' tablets.

Faithfully yours,
(Signed) F. A. S.

FINDS 'ASPRO' MUCH BETTER THAN ASPIRINS

Buxton Hydro, Buxton.

Dear Sirs,

For the past few months I have been taking 'ASPRO,' and found them much better than the aspirins which I have previously used.

Thanking you and wishing you continued success. I always recommend them now.

Yours faithfully,
Miss B. McIVER.

WORTH KNOWING

School Road, Radwinter,
Nr. Saffron Walden, Essex.

Sir,

My daughter has crossed to and from Australia five times within the last six years and has always been seasick until this last journey in January this year. She writes me she was not sick, thanks to 'ASPRO.'

I would not be without them myself, and always willing to lend some to friends who get without. We are five miles from town.

Yours very truly,
(Mrs.) M. PORTER.

WHAT 'ASPRO' DOES

1. It stops violent headaches in a few minutes.
2. It brings sweet sleep to the sleepless.
3. It relieves rheumatism in one night.
4. It relieves children's growing pains.
5. It saves many a sound tooth by removing toothache.
6. It brings relief without causing sickness, indigestion, or a craving.
7. It stops pain without harming the heart.
8. It soothes away irritability.
9. A hot lemon drink and two or three 'ASPRO' Tablets will smash up a Cold or 'Flu attack in one night.
10. It reduces temperature in a few minutes.
11. It can be taken any time, in Tram, Train, at Home, at Business—anywhere—everywhere.
12. It is so safe a child can take it.
13. It is the greatest help for women every little while ever known.
14. It stops the ill after-effects of alcohol.
15. It relieves malaria by reducing the fever.

FIRST AID for MOTHERS

Most children are subject to Toothache, Earache, Colds and sudden bursts of Temperature. 'ASPRO' can be safely given to children so affected. It will soothe the pain away and quickly reduce Temperature.

HOW TO GIVE 'ASPRO' TO THE KIDDIES

Two simple methods of giving 'ASPRO' to the kiddies are: (a) with a little milk; or (b) break the tablet up and administer in a teaspoonful of jam. The dose is: children 3 to 6 years, ¼ tablet; 6 to 14 years, ½ tablet; 14 to 18 years, 1¼ tablets. 'ASPRO' like any other medicine should not be given to babies under 3 years of age without medical advice.

3D 6D 1/3 2/6 PER PACKET

The cheapest way to buy 'ASPRO' is the 2/6 packet it contains 60 tablets, equivalent to 3/- worth of 'ASPRO' for 2/6.

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetyl Salicylic Acid that has ever been known to medical science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

Agents: GOLLIN & CO. PTY. Ltd. ('Aspro' Dept.), SLOUGH, BUCKS.

Telephone: Slough 606.

ASPRO REG. TRADE MARK

No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

MADE BY ASPRO LTD., SLOUGH, ENGLAND.

ALL LEADING CHEMISTS AND STORES INCLUDING BOOTS, TAYLORS, TIMOTHY WHITES, SQUIRES, NEEDHAMS, ETC., STOCK AND DISPLAY 'ASPRO.'

VEET

Hair Removing Cream

1 Apply Veet, a dainty perfumed cream, straight from the tube.

2 After a few minutes, wash off. Not a hair remains, not even a shadow.

3 And the skin is left soft, smooth and white — just as if there never had been any hair on it.

It's just as simple as that — no razor — no irritation — no unpleasant odour — no bother — no bristly re-growth.

Free Trial.—Sample size in plain wrapper by post 6d. in stamps. Dae Health Laboratories, Ltd., (Dept. 502R), 68, Bolsover Street, London, W.1.

Cultivate the habit of reading the advertisements in "John Bull" week by week. You will profit by it.

The guarantee appears in this issue on page 23.

MAKE SURE OF YOUR SUCCESS IN 1930

Get this Dictionary of Reference. IT ANSWERS EVERY QUESTION.

NEW EDITION FEBRUARY 1930.

Test its Value FREE without any obligation to order the book.

R. D., Liverpool:
"Words cannot convey appreciation of your wonderful book. It is the envy of all my friends, a miniature encyclopædia, worth its weight in gold."

HISTORY OF LITERATURE
HUMANISED GEOGRAPHY (With World Maps)
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WORLD HISTORY
WIRELESS TELEPHONY
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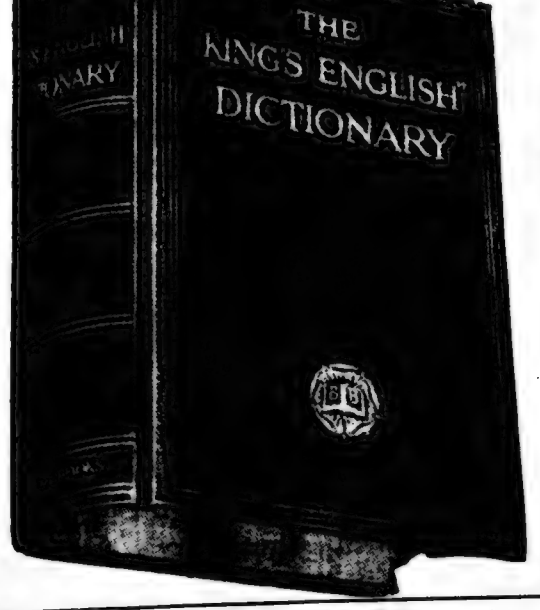
FOREIGN PHRASES
COMMERCIAL TERMS
SYNONYMS AND ANTONYMS
PICTURE TEACHING
CORRECT SPEECH AND HOW TO WRITE ENGLISH
AND
DEFINITIONS OF OVER 150,000 WORDS.



Crossword Enthusiasts should have this Book.

Five Days' FREE Examination.

Messrs. BRITISH BOOKS, Ltd., 86, Strand, London, W.C.2.
Please send to me THE "KING'S ENGLISH" DICTIONARY (New Edition) on approval for 5 days' FREE examination. I will return it on the sixth day; or if I decide to purchase, I will remit a First Payment of 2/6, and ten further monthly payments of 3/-, to complete the price of 32/6.

NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
DATE..... J.B., 159

HAVE YOU A CAMERA? Then say 'Selo,' the short name for a great film—and you will get better, brighter snaps—every time! Also, Selo is British Made!

SELO *fast* FILM

There's a Selo film to fit every make and size of camera. Sold at the Standard Reduced Prices
No. 20 3¼ x 2¼ 8 Exposures . . . 1/-

Of all Authorised Dealers

£50 for a name for her!

Little Miss Who . . . ?

Invent a name for this jolly little Suchard "trade-mark" figure that has some bearing on, or link with, Suchard Chocolates, and you may win a £50 or £25 or £5 prize! You may send in as many names as you like, but every attempt must be accompanied by a label from any packet of Suchard Chocolate—Velma, Milka, Cafola, Bittra, etc.—and addressed to Suchard's Competition Department, Mather & Crowther, Ltd., New Bridge Street, E.C.4. Entries must be received not later than September 30th—the date the Competition closes. Mather & Crowther, Ltd., will be the judges, and their decision must be accepted as final and legally binding. They will award the prizes to those who, in their opinion, send in the best and most original names. Winners will be announced in the "Daily Mail" on Saturday, October 18th.

1st Prize ... £50
2nd Prize ... £25
15 Prizes of £5 each.
Also 100 Consolation Gifts of Boxes of Chocolates

SUCHARD CHOCOLATES
(VELMA MILKA BITTRA CAFOLA, &c.)

P·S·

Just to remind you to get your copy of the "Passing Show" Summer Annual before you go away. 84 pages of mirth for 6d.

The Great "Test"

MAKE the top "score" this week by winning "John Bull's" £600 Must-be-Won X-word. You will be "bowled" over with delight if you go "all out" for this big prize. In addition, there is £50 for runner-up. These cash prizes are waiting to be won and there is no need to get "stumped."

Note the increased First Prize!

in John Bull's X-WORD

"JOHN BULL" will pay £600 for a correct solution on one form of JOHN BULL Crossword No. 78 appearing below. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £50 will be divided between those competitors whose solutions contain one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. Every reader has an equal opportunity—no competitor may send in more than one sixpenny double entry—entry fee Sixpence for TWO attempts.

No claims required. No entries accepted after Thursday (noon), August 28th. Solution of puzzle will be published in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, September 4th. Winner will be given in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, September 11th. Crossword No. 75 appears on page 27.

Read these Rules and Conditions Carefully

1. Fill in puzzle opposite **IN ORDINARY INK**, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, sign your name and write your address in BLOCK CAPITALS. Cut out coupon, place it with a Postal Order value sixpence in an envelope bearing **three-halfpenny** stamp and post to **"John Bull" Crosswords (No. 78), 37, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)**, so as to reach us not later than noon on Thursday, August 28th.

Entry MUST be sent by post.

2. Postal Orders must be made payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and crossed — / & Co. / — and the date of sending the order complete with the name and address of competitor, must be written on the back. The number of the Postal Order must be written in the space provided in the Entry Form. Stamps cannot in any circumstances be accepted.

3. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for any coupon lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery and no correspondence will be entered into.

4. In the event of a tie the **£600** prize will be divided between those competitors whose coupons are correct or contain fewest errors, but no competitor shall receive more than one share. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which incorrectly answer the clues given.

5. Mutilated or altered Entry Forms will be disqualified. Solutions must be complete and filled in on Entry Forms provided.

6. No competitor may send in more than the two solutions "A" and "B" provided for on the Entry Forms.

7. The correct solution of the puzzle is known only to the Editor and will be kept under seal until all entries have been received.

8. The result of this competition will be published in the issue of JOHN BULL on sale **Thursday, September 11th.** Any competitor who claims to have sent in a solution which is identical with the published solution or contains as few errors as the competitor announced as the **£600** prize-winner may have a scrutiny by demanding the same by or before first post **Tuesday, September 16th,** after which date the prize-money will be dispatched and no claim will be considered.

9. If such demand is found to be correct the result will be amended accordingly and any competitor demanding a scrutiny must accept as final the result of such scrutiny as certified by the Editor.

10. Every request for a scrutiny must be made by Registered Letter only and must be accompanied by a remittance of £5, which will be returned to the competitor if his claim prove valid.

Request for scrutiny must be addressed to:—**The Competition Editor, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.** Envelopes should be marked "Scrutiny" in top left-hand corner. All applications must be accompanied by a copy of Entry Forms and number of Postal Order. No claims for scrutiny can be entertained in connection with the additional award of £50 cash, the winners of which will be finally decided according to the result of our careful searches of all entries.

11. Entries for this competition must not be enclosed with "Bullets" entries or other correspondence addressed to JOHN BULL.

12. The Editor's decision is final and legally binding in all matters relating to this competition, and acceptance of this condition is an express condition of entry.

13. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

14. Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

Closing Date, Thursday (Noon), August 28th.

CUT HERE

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 78

Entry Form "A."

JB 78

Do not separate these forms.

Entry Form "B."

CUT HERE

CUT HERE

JB 78

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and enclose 6d. P.O. No.....
These Entry Forms must not be separated, and a postal order for SIXPENCE must be enclosed to cover either ONE OR BOTH entrie

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

Closing Date Thursday (noon), August 28th.

CUT HERE

N.B.—Cut the above Form out complete.

Don't run the risk of being late—fill in and post your coupons early.

Clues Across.

1. COMMENCE.
5. TRODDEN WAY.
8. 1,760 YARDS.
9. USEFUL ON A FARM.
10. AUSTRALIAN BIRD.
12. BURY.
14. KIND OF OVERCOAT.
15. CHOOSE.
17. HEROIC POEM.
18. MAKE A MISTAKE.
22. GERMAN WARPLANES.
26. ONE UNDER EIGHT.
28. COSTLY.
30. FOOLISH SENTIMENTALITY.
32. LUMINOUS CIRCLE.
35. USED BY MUSICIANS.
36. STEAL.
38. NEITHER.
39. ANTIQUE DEALER KNOWS.
41. VIGOUR.
42. GUIDED.
43. ONE'S ARDOUR MAY BE.
44. FOUND AROUND OLD CASTLES.

Clues Down.

1. SUCCESSFUL BATSMEN DO THIS.
2. METAL.
3. CHANGE.
4. A HIGHLAND DANCE.
5. CHEEKY.
6. ASSISTANCE.
7. BOXERS DO IN RING.
11. POSTAL DELIVERIES.
13. BRIGHT COLOUR.
16. SMALL BED.
19. NOURISHING FOOD.
20. IF YOURS, DON'T MISS IT.
21. FOUND IN A SHOP.
23. STUCK TO.
24. EXCLAMATION OF DERISION.
25. AN AGE.
26. MARKED ON TOURIST'S MAP.
27. WORD USED AS NAME OF THING.
29. A CRANE DOES THIS.
31. WHAT BURGLAR DID.
33. INLAND SEAS.
34. ICY.
37. SHEEP'S CRY.
40. BOTHER.

Chamber's 20th Century Dictionary and Nuttall's Dictionary were used in compiling.

Solution of 'John Bull' X-Word No. 76.

F	R	I	E	D	■	S	I	F	T	E	■	■	■	■
O	W	N	E	R	■	O	N	I	O	N	S	■	■	■
W	■	V	■	Y	O	U	N	G	■	P	A	■	■	■
L	A	I	R	■	D	■	S	M	A	L	L	■	■	■
S	I	T	E	■	D	H	■	W	I	L	E	■	■	■
■	L	E	G	S	■	E	D	E	N	■	■	■	■	■
L	■	■	A	E	■	B	U	L	K	Y	■	■	■	■
I	N	C	L	E	M	E	N	T	■	E	A	■	■	■
M	O	O	■	E	■	■	■	■	T	A	G	■	■	■
E	O	R	■	R	A	T	E	D	■	R	E	■	■	■
■	S	A	D	■	T	A	V	E	R	N	S	■	■	■
P	E	L	T	S	■	N	E	W	T	S	■	■	■	■

JB 76.

Result will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 76 is given here with as a matter of information to our X-word competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

Write to JOHN BULL About It!

The EDITOR REPLIES

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is never malicious. He likes to end up the week on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service

G. N. (Hoxton).—"Before the fight I felt O.K." And after did you feel K.O.?

GEO. (Taplow).—"As a singer I should go a long way." The farther the better.

O. L. (Linlithgow).—"When a woman loses her temper——" It is usually her husband who gets it.

F. P. (Stockton).—"Women are always wondering what they shall wear." And also how they will wear.

DAPHNE (Newbury).—"A girl has to work hard to get a rich husband." And she has to work harder if she doesn't.

S. R. (Cobham).—"Why are you so bitter against bucket-shops?" Because their schemes won't hold water.

P. N. (Luton).—"I never forget my wife." Not even when you are filling up your income-tax form?

OPTIMIST (Morden).—"There is a bright side to everything." Even to last year's suit.

G. T. (Esher).—"You must shut your eyes if you wish to appreciate singing." Or put some cotton-wool in the ears.

P. N. (Otway).—"I am going to settle down in Australia." We trust you will settle up in this country before you go.

NOVELIST (Chester).—"In order to become popular, what sort of thing do you advise me to write?" A cheque.

M. K. (Worcester).—"Considering everything, I have done remarkably well. What do you think is the secret of my success?" Considering everything.

H. A. (Ilford).—"I have a coin that is perfectly smooth on both sides, and I don't know what it is." You mean, you can't make heads or tails of it.

T. D. (Lewes).—"I don't believe a thing exists unless I can see it." You will if you ever stumble over a black cat in the dark.

O. G. (Windsor).—"Her old-fashioned father and mother object to kissing." Well, you don't want to kiss them, do you?

J. L. (Doncaster).—"What road sign indicates that a motorist should stop?" The sign of the nearest public-house as a rule.

A. N. (Bath).—"He persuaded me to purchase some cheap socks, but they lasted no time at all." Still, it must have been a good yarn.

C. S. (Derby).—"Boys who are continually whistling are seldom troubled with bronchitis." But we feel sure that there must be some punishment for them.

G. K. (Hammersmith).—"It is said that one-piece pyjamas will soon be worn by men." It will be necessary to be very firm with laundries to prevent them bisecting the garment and charging for two articles.

P. N. (London, S.).—"My house is falling to pieces." Rot!

A. A. (Radlett).—"I couldn't find your offices when I came to London." This doesn't move us.

F. N. (Carlisle).—"A signalman on the railway has a ticklish job." He certainly has to watch points.

D. M. (Dover).—"What do you think of my poem, 'A Rough Sea'?" It made us feel sick.

P. N. (Chester).—"I write poetry when I can't sleep." Insomnia is a dreadful thing.

F. K. (Canning Town).—"The chief thing about a holiday is change." And plenty of it.

MISS T. (Highgate).—"My nephew came to London to see the sights." Did he call on you first?

TED (Shoebury).—"I was the luckiest of men when I was engaged." You were—marriage does make a difference.

A. B. (Enfield).—"I like to see small boys playing cricket in the garden." You evidently don't grow cucumbers.

R. N. (Penge).—"Women excel at mathematics." They should, judging by the close attention they pay to figures.

P. N. (Wimbledon).—"No man can play tennis happily with his wife." She will never refrain from commenting on his faults.

G. K. (Hendon).—"In lots of ways women are far above men." And yet if they find themselves on the shelf they want to come down.

T. M. (Harwich).—"Germany has 769 varieties of good sausages." That accounts for her only having one breed of good dogs left.

P. N. (Richmond).—"Many girls go rowing on the Thames by themselves." They take what consolation they can in hugging the shore.

G. K. (Goole).—"We want variety in education more than anything else." But surely our cigarette-cards cover a very comprehensive range of subjects!

F. K. (London, S.).—"The day he retired from business his house caught on fire." So he was presented with an illuminated address.

H. S. T. (New Cross).—"I walked to Southend last week-end." Cheer up! Perhaps you'll be able to afford a real car soon.

C. E. (Stamford).—"Should she continue to refuse me, I shall continue to propose to the woman I love until I die." That will be better than marrying her.

J. M. (Blackburn).—"Many women of fifty have beautiful complexions without resort to artificial ruses." On the other hand, there are many with whom it is ruses, ruses, all the way.

H. N. (Yarmouth).—"Seeing is believing." But we don't believe everything we see.

C. S. (Barnet).—"A millionaire always has plenty of friends." In need.

A. P. S. (Hendon).—"I'd like to have a chat over the 'phone with you. What's your number?" Engaged.

M. J. (Norwich).—"We do not realise what good times we are living in." No, but several of our tradesmen do.

D. H. (York).—"I always hope for the best." Why don't you try working for it?

T. M. A. (Leeds).—"A man who would go west to get east is a fool." Or, of course, a taxi-driver.

JOE (Sheffield).—"I want a job where I'd be certain of a frequent rise." A bakery should suit you.

A. D. (Southampton).—"Steeplejacks are often mischievous fellows." They're always up to something or other.

N. B. G. (Stockton).—"Did you follow the serial story I sent you." No, the chimney was too narrow.

J. E. (Warrington).—"No other race equals the Chinese in cunning." But Finns are fishy.

S. K. C. (New York).—"Prohibition is nothing to laugh at." It only means your drink costs you more.

J. B. M. (Newcastle).—"A woman's destiny can be told by her hair." We have a cook whose destiny we can tell; she will always be in the soup.

D. D. (Bayswater).—"No good ever came of mailbag robberies." The thieves always seem to leave income-tax demand notes severely alone.

N. R. (Colchester).—"Expert picture-forgers are at work here." That's natural. Nobody would engage an amateur for such work.

L. E. (Walton).—"A film actress married a man whom she divorced years ago." No one would expect her to recognise one of her earliest husbands.

NATURE LOVER (Brixton).—"'Sermons in stones, books in the running brooks . . .' How profoundly true!" Yes; even Wells goes on writing.

H. L. (Dorking).—"The people taking a late holiday this year are going to get the best of the weather." It's certainly going to be fine for the winners of the last 100 Holiday Cheques offered on page 35.

CURATE (Salford).—"The old church used to claim one-tenth of a man's income." Mr. Philip Snowden could teach it a thing or two.

H. M. (Epsom).—"Is there any difference between a fort and a fortress?" If there is, we imagine that the fortress would be the more difficult to silence.

PETER (Teddington).—"To some men money-making is just a game." A paper-chase?

M. B. (Lancaster).—"Let me tell you, sir, that I am a man of considerable standing." Bus or underground?

CURATE (London).—"Would that I were a tower of strength in the Church!" Why not aspire?

B. U. S. (Cupar).—"I say, with Shakespeare, 'Who steals my purse steals trash. . . .'" We carry our cash in our pockets, too.

C. C. (South Mimms).—"Why do all these depressions come from Iceland?" Well, wouldn't you?

E. L. (Fleetwood).—"A married man is a far more attentive listener than a bachelor." He has to be.

G. A. (Rye).—"Investigators find that rubber suffers from fatigue." Yes, rubber tires.

(Many replies unavoidably held over).

SIDE-Slips

Examples of genuine unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Slip."

KNARESBOROUGH FREE PRESS:—"Every extra customer for our local shops helps to keep down EMPLOYMENT."

WESTERN DAILY PRESS (Bristol):—"Some 700 ministers are HANGING their circuits."

KENTISH TIMES:—"Prisoner said he had no intention 'of doing bodily harm to the STATION.'"

HANTS AND SUSSEX NEWS:—"The bride and bridegroom later left for their honeymoon, the LATTER travelling in a BROWN JUMPER SUIT and HAT to match."

LINCOLNSHIRE ECHO:—"——— was charged with using FRIDAY language."

DUNDEE COURIER AND ADVERTISER:—"Arrangements have been made for an OFFICIAL to be given to Miss Amy Johnson when she arrives at Croydon."

CO-OPERATIVE NEWS:—"WHIST was played, and the remainder of the time spent in ENJOYMENT."

SUNDAY POST:—"It is perfectly possible that MURDERERS may have been executed when they were INNOCENT."

CANARY MURDER CASE:—"Glancing surreptitiously about him with globular EARS."

GLASGOW EVENING NEWS:—"The two Consuls left in a launch flying the British and American BAGS."

YORKSHIRE EVENING POST:—"Mr. Justice ——— held that there was no infringement of ———'s REGISTERED DESIGN and the ACCIDENT was dismissed."

Varicose Veins TO Beautiful Legs

WONDERFUL NEW "SPIRASTIC SUPPORTS"

ON APPROVAL!

At last it is now possible for sufferers to obtain a Permanent Cure from this distressing and **Perilous** Condition and to dispense with the ugly makeshifts of a former generation. Mr. D. M. Cooper's wonderful new "Spirastic Supports" are anatomically correct in design and fit with the comfort and perfection of a kid glove. There are no unsightly and dangerous seams to further irritate the swollen veins. Moreover "Spirastic Supports" last at least three times as long as ordinary Elastic Stockings and are invisible in wear—even under the finest silk stockings.

If YOU Suffer from Varicose Veins, Swollen Legs, Weak Knees or Ankles, Pain when Standing or Walking, etc., take advantage of Mr. Cooper's Generous ON APPROVAL OFFER TO-DAY.

This shows how Limbs distorted by Varicose Veins, etc., are restored to symmetrical proportions and beauty by 'Spirastic Supports.'

Varicose Veins are dangerous and ugly—there is no need for YOU to go about like this

Write to-day (a postcard will do) to Mr. D. M. Cooper, Manufacturer of Surgical Appliances (Dept. S.316), 35, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1, for full Free Particulars of this Astounding Invention.

2 OUT OF 3 MORE FIRSTS WON BY EVERYBODY'S READERS SINCE BULLETS £3,000 WAS WON IN 5 MINUTES BY A READER OF EVERYBODY'S

You remember Mr. Leonard Levens, of 228, Barking Road, London, who won the first prize of £3,000 and a motor-car in Bullets No. 765, said: "I always take 'Everybody's' as my guide." He made and entered his line in five minutes and won a colossal prize that will make him and his mother comfortable for life. Well, since then two of the three firsts awarded in Bullets have been won by "Everybody's" readers. They are: Mr. F. Gee, of the Naval and Military Club, Southend-on-Sea, who won £250 in Bullets No. 700, and Mr. E. T. Morton, of Balerno, who won £400 in Bullets No. 708. Both are regular readers of "Everybody's."

£5 A WEEK FOR LIFE

EVERYBODY'S is the complete competition paper. No one who hopes to win prizes in the big contests can afford to be without it. Solutions, complete with alternatives, are given for "John Bull's" Crossword Puzzle as well as for all other Crosswords and for all Picture Puzzle contests. Only last week the colossal prize of **£5 a week for life** was won by Mr. W. David, of Cardiff, an **EVERYBODY'S** reader, in the "Sunday Graphic" Picture Puzzle contest, "Ad-Signs." Every week **EVERYBODY'S** readers are winning prizes of thousands of pounds. So what about you? **EVERYBODY'S** is a fully illustrated, well printed and well-bound magazine, packed with Short Stories, Articles, Jokes and a mass of

BRIGHT AND AMUSING

pages—all for only twopence. But if you would like to see a copy FREE, write to "Everybody's" (Dept. J.B.), 114, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4, and a copy will be sent you free and post paid. Remember **EVERYBODY'S** will give you everything you need to win, and, in addition to that, it gives you a complete magazine for holiday reading.

The service which is at the disposal of readers is amazing. You can get treated **FREE** by **EVERYBODY'S** Doctor, advised **FREE** by **EVERYBODY'S** Lawyer. There are pages for Women with a special paper pattern service, and a feature for Children with special competitions for the little ones. The Sporting side of **EVERYBODY'S** is contributed by the best sporting writers in the country, including Thomas Moult, Percy Swaffer, etc.

Make sure of your **EVERYBODY'S** by asking your newsagent to deliver it regularly to you, or send for a **FREE** specimen copy.

Everybody's

the popular weekly

EVERYWHERE. 32 PAGES. 2d.

"The Greatest of These—" Fund

Bring Back Her Babes!

HERE is a photograph of a mother who carries about a very troubled and heavy heart.

Exceptionally sad circumstances have bereft her of her four children, the eldest of whom is a girl aged nine, and the youngest a baby boy of two.

"I should be happy with my babies"

Her home was broken up soon after she had obtained a legal separation from her husband on the grounds of his persistent cruelty. "After eleven years," she said, "he found out he cared for someone else." The "someone else" is a young widow she befriended.

When her rent had fallen behind and she received a summons, she was frightened and sold her furniture, which went for next to nothing. And so the home was lost.

Her husband pays 15s. a week through the court for the maintenance of the children, who are boarded out, each child with a different family. By dint of hard work she earns from 12s. 6d. to 14s. a week.

Her heart's desire—which we hope our readers will help her to realise—is to get a little home together again. She has found a room within her means, but she has no furniture.

This sounds a tall order, but she declares that with £5 or £6 she can obtain the necessaries to start the home going.

If our readers will be generous in sending us help, they will bring happiness to "a decent woman and a hard worker," as her guarantor describes her.

At present she is so wretched and lonely that she says: "Sometimes I don't know what to do with myself. I have gone through so much."

"But," she added, with a transforming smile, "I should be happy with my babies."

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Two "Bullets" Voucher coupons, 1s.; Thankful (Rosendale), 6d.; Robert A., £1; Mrs. G. Glenister (Alperton), 2s. 6d.; Thankful for Good Health, 2s. 6d.; "R. C.," 5s.; "Betty" (Leith), 1s.; Old Maid (Llandovery), 6d.; A. E. Upson (Oxford), 6d.; Help Ye One Another, 5s.; A Widow's Mite, 6d.; R. W. (Bournemouth), 5s.; Berghmote (Wimborne), 2s.; T. Tinsley, 1s.; Anon. (Larkhill Camp), 12s. 6d.; H. Kaye (Huddersfield), 2s.; "Grateful Heart" (Dundee), 2s.; A Sympathiser (Cwmavon), 9d.; Anon. (Loughborough), 2s.; T. E. Leather (Northwich), 1s.; A Few More Pennies from Swindon, 3s.; J. C. (Thrumpton), 1s.; Mrs. McEntivey (Raynes Park), 2s. 6d.; Happy Father (Chichester), 1s.; "Grateful Insurance Claimant" (Guernsey), £2; Billie, 4½d.; Nellie (Ashton-on-Mersey), 10s.; F. M. H., 10s.; Anon. (Earl's Barton), 10s.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; A. W. Inglis (Glasgow), 6d.; In Sympathy (Oxford), 2s. 6d.; S. P. H., 3s.; A. Simpson (Hitchin), 10s.; Mrs. Greenwood (Todmorden), 2s. 6d.; Miss Agatha Day (Norwich), 1s.; Mrs. E. L. Cooper (Darwen), 6d.; Two Kiddies (Bristol), 1s.; A. B. (Barnes), 2s.; A. G. Wingfield (Mitchell Way), 1s.; G. Whitbread, 1s.; Mrs. I. M. Johnson (Dollar), 1s.; J. T. H. (Coventry), 6d.; Mrs. E. Clohesy (Barnsbury), £1; S. L. Hull (Chelmsford), 2s.; M. L. (N. Lambeth), 5s.; B. C. E. (Croydon), 1s.; A Mother, 1s.; Anon. (Laugharne), 2s. 6d.; R. M. E. (Ryde), 2s. 6d.; A. L. Giles (Argoed), 2s. 6d.; "A Flapper," 1s. 3d.; Darvel (Ayrshire), 1s.; Tom Lodge, 2s.; Bulleteer, 6d.; O. Boying (Beckenham), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. E. Dankin (Southend), 2s. 6d.; Miss Alice Simpson (Hitchin), 10s.; Anon., 1s.; Miss Mary Remieties (Farnworth), 1s.; Sympathy (Coventry), 1s.; The Ninth (Birmingham), 3d.; W. Shingler (Worksop), 2s.; A. Husk (Burnley), 2s.; J. Reavey (Northampton), 2s. 6d.; W. Owen (Doncaster), 6d.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

SOMETHING to help him along

JOHN BULL PAYS MORE SICKNESS BENEFITS

Could *you* ... on JOHN BULL for a cheque ... you were ill. Could *you* cash JOHN BULL cheque to buy ... those little luxuries which hasten recovery?

THOUSANDS of JOHN BULL readers have been assisted to a speedy convalescence, thanks to a cheque from JOHN BULL paid under our Great Free Insurance.

Sign the forms now, if you have not already done so.

Sickness Benefits—£5 5s. each.

We give below a few of the Benefits paid recently on account of Diphtheria, Measles, Typhus Fever, Small Pox, etc.

BIRMINGHAM.—Miss E. M. Plume, 11, Defford Rd., Lozells.
CARDIFF.—Mrs. D. Brookman, 21, Stanway Place, Ely.
LEICESTER.—L. Garratt, 98, Catherine St.
BY HOLYTOWN.—J. Watson, 24, Reids Bldgs., Clydesdale St., New Stevenston.
PONTYPOOL, MON.—Mrs. H. Hubbard, 3, Conway Rd.
BECKMONDWIKE, YORKS.—C. Schofield, 14, Cook Lane.
BETHNAL GREEN, E.—Mrs. F. Harrison, 102A, Teesdale St.
BOW, E.3.—J. Moss, 17, Perring St.
LEICESTER.—Mrs. E. Green, Main St., Queniborough.
PENGAM.—V. Jones, 5, Woodfield Terr., Tir-y-Berth.
DARTFORD, KENT.—Mrs. E. Gulliver, 15, Hill House Rd., Watling St.
ISLINGTON, N.1.—Mr. George Ford, 26, "C" Peabody Bldgs., Essex Rd.
CARDIFF.—Mr. John Pitt, 8, Vere St., Cadoxton, Barry.
IPSWICH.—Mrs. C. Wallis, 24, Kingston Rd.
NR. LYNN.—Mrs. T. Williamson, Marsh, Clenchwarton.
GRIMSBY.—J. E. Feeney, 151, Newmarket St.
WIMBORNE, DORSET.—C. E. Maidment, Holt Lane, Holt.
GRANTHAM, LINCS.—F. F. Taylor, Woolsthorpe-by-Belvoir.
LEIGHTON BUNZD.—B. Nichols, Manor Farm.
FALMER, SUSSEX.—L. Withycombe, 87, Housedean Cotts.
OXON.—L. Rogers, Garsington, Wheatley.
CAISTER, LINCS.—Mrs. H. Lockwood, Nettleton.
LLANDYSSUL, CARDS.—J. L. Jones, Penrhiw, Llanarth.
LEICESTER.—Mr. W. Dayman, 63, Folville Rise.
MERTHYR VALE, GLAM.—Mr. A. Davies, 19, Mervyn St., Aberfan.
NOTTINGHAM.—Mrs. L. Clay, Constance St., New Basford.
LENTON ABBEY, NOTTS.—Mrs. Skinner, Anslow Ave.
WAKEFIELD.—W. Thackray, Park View, Flanshaw Lane.
MEXBOROUGH.—W. Houghton, Highwoods Rd., Roman
GT. ELLINGHAM, NORFOLK.—A. Filby, Row St.
NR. WREXHAM.—Mrs. J. Queen's Terr.
NR. SWANSEA.—Mrs. N. 51, Hodgson Rd.
BRIGHTON.—Mrs. P. A. 275, Bear Rd.
BELLSHILL.—Mrs. Findlay, Motherwell Rd.
BURLESCOMBE.—D. M. Woodbastwick, Rock Cott, Fenarce.
AMPTHILL, BEDS.—56, Millbrook
VENTNOR, I.O.W.—3, Gladstone

Against FIRE, STORM, SICKNESS, ACCIDENT, let "John Bull" cover you free.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Coupon to your Newsagent.

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address.....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B., 23/8/30.

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address.....

.....

.....

Name and address of Newsagent

.....

.....

Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. **PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.**

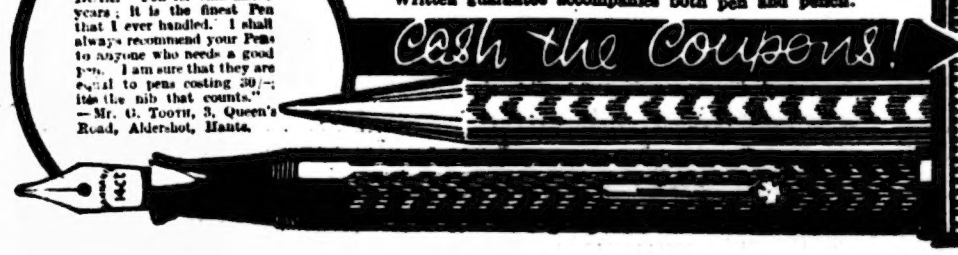
J.B., 23/8/30.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT NEW PEN OFFER

"WORTH 30/-."

"I have used a 'JOHN BULL' Pen for this last 7 years; it is the finest Pen that I ever handled. I shall always recommend your Pens to anyone who needs a good pen. I am sure that they are equal to pens costing 30/-; it's the nib that counts."
—Mr. G. TOOTH, 3, Queen's Road, Aldershot, Hants.

Cash the Coupons! Grasp this opportunity to become the possessor of the famous JOHN BULL Pen fitted with 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped. With each pen is presented a 2/6 Everpointed Pencil Free, heavily plated, complete with re-fills. Written guarantee accompanies both pen and pencil.



'John Bull's' Pen Coupon Value 6d.

Two of these Coupons (value 6d. each) will be accepted as One Shilling in part payment of the JOHN BULL Pen.

For the 5/- Pen send 2 Coupons and P.O. for 4/-
For the 3/6 Pen send 2 Coupons and P.O. for 2/6.

Add 3d. for postage and insurance in each case.

State if fine, medium or broad point is desired (cross out grades not suitable). Name engraved in gold on Pen, 6d. extra. Give name or initials required. Cross remittance & Co. (make payable to JOHN BULL).

Address: "John Bull" Pen Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

LAST 100 BIG HOLIDAY CHEQUES—THIS WEEK ONLY!

LAST HOLIDAY CHEQUES—HURRY UP!

SEE what a splendid array of Holiday Prizes is sailing down the *Bullets* fairway this week! For the last of this season's races for holiday cheques we have hoisted every possible stitch of golden sail.

There will be no more Holiday Prizes this year, so you must enter for this £350 and Holiday Cheques by Saturday, August 30, if you want to be a winner.

How can you win? By adding TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment to one of the *Examples* on this page. Thus to the *Example* HUMAN GRAMOPHONE you might add such words as MAKES US "GET NEEDLE," and so complete a typical *Bullet*. Let the 25 winners below show you the way to the prize-list.

BULLETS No. 769—400 GUINEAS FIRST

Mr. A. H. Jaques, 19, May Terrace, Plymouth.
Example:—CRY OF A CHILD.
Bullet:—MAKES CASTLE SOUND HOMELY.

SECOND PRIZE OF 50 GUINEAS:
Mr. T. R. Jonathan, 20, St. David's Road, Ystalyfera.
Example: Way To Win Her
Bullet: Is Know No "No!"

THIRD PRIZE OF £25 GUINEAS:
Mr. C. Gamble, 62, Hill Side, Nottingham.
Example: Glad He's Alive
Bullet: Grandpa—While *She's* Alive.

FOURTH PRIZE OF 20 GUINEAS:
Mr. A. T. Bowles, 93, York Road, S. Farnborough, Hants.
Example: Ideal Holiday
Bullet: "Broadens"—By Excursion, "Flattens."

FIFTH PRIZE OF 15 GUINEAS:
Mr. E. Annesley, c/o Mrs. Edwards, Post Office, Llanferres.
Example: All That's Left
Bullet: Of Trousseau, Polishes Pram.

10 PRIZES OF 10 GUINEAS:

A. BURROW, 22, St. Monica Road, Southampton.
Man In Prison—Hates Solitude—Curses Society.

F. S. BUTLER, 6, Rayleigh Avenue, Westcliff-on-Sea
Ideal Holiday—Settled Mind—Weather—Bills.

F. FINCH, 7, Myott Avenue, Newcastle, Staffs.
Turning Away—Crowds, Cinemas—And Employers.

Mrs. A. HEAD, 27, Livingstone Road, Blackpool.
If Food Were Taxed — Chancellor The Worst "Middleman"

A. LEWIS, Red Cross, Silverton, Exeter.
Spoon-feeding — Children, "Britannia's "Spilling Milk"

F. M. MARTIN, 1, Percy Villas, Hospital Lane, Boston, Lincs.
Glad He's Alive—Undergraduate—Making Everyone Sorry.
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the best being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

R. MILLER, 22, Robin Hood Road, Brentwood.
Way To Win Her—Treat! Entreat? No, Retreat!

L. SCHOFIELD, 4, Lunan Terrace, Harehills.
Ideal Holiday—Grundy's—Only *Nose* Sunburnt!

Mrs. A. SUTHERLAND, Lochslin Cottage, Fearn, Ross, N.B
If Food Were Taxed—"Table" Giving Revenue "Leg."

R. A. WARD, 30, Carlton Street, Burton-on-Trent.
He's Got A Family, So—Dreads "Breaking Up."

10 PRIZES OF 5 GUINEAS:

W. COUPLAND, Junr., Scawby Lane, Broughton, near Brigg.
He's Got A Family, So—Greying "Temples"—Fading "Castles."

G. FARROW, Bank House, Newton Grange.
Glad He's Alive — After Seeing Spirit Photographs.

T. GRIFFIN, 324, Crystal Palace Road, East Dulwich.
Turning Away—Many At Turning Point.

S. H. LAMBLE, 14, Victoria Rd., Teddington.
Man in Prison—Couldn't Pay—Doesn't Pay!
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

S. LODGE, 72, Holden Street, Ashton-under-Lyne.
Resting—*Prevents* Illness "Overtaking" Us

J. MACDONALD, 23, Ardconnel St., Inverness.
If Food Were Taxed — Haggis Probably Called "Medicine."

H. MARTELL, 30, Orient Buildings, Hercules Road, Lambeth, S.E.
At A Standstill — Calls Everything Else "Precipitancy."

A. MITCHELL, Bull Lane, Gerrards Cross.
Strangely Familiar—Museum's "First Railway Coach."

T. MOORES, 17, Selina Road, Liverpool.
All That's Left—For Men, "Congratulations, Miss ——."

W. SILVESTER, 7, Lion Hill, Tonypandy.
At A Standstill—Awaiting "Run" Of Luck.

ALL PRIZES HAVE BEEN POSTED.

A list of 50 10s. and 500 2s. 6d. prize-winners can be seen at these offices.

"Examples" for "Bullets" No. 772.
Pillar Of The State—Prices—Better For All—More Exciting—Was It Fate, Or—Her Chief—Life of Crime—Wasteful—Winter's Coming, But—Playing Pranks—Familiar Faces—Still In The Air—As Soon As He Can—The Main—Feeble Attempt—Infuriated—A Small Matter—An Old Friend—Compelling—Needless To Say—For Amusement—On Safe Ground—Trying To Be Cheerful—Dastardly Blow—Off She Goes And—According To Statistics—Good Reasons—Now's The Time To—Unlimited—Refusing To Stop—If You Think—In The Business World.

(Closing Saturday, September 6)

Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 772

ROUND THE EMPIRE	THE POINT IS	ALMOST CERTAIN
SEEMS AGES	GIRL WITH A SMILE	COULD BE DONE
STARVING INDUSTRY	DEPRESSING	PAYS BEST
COMING AND GOING	HELPING OTHERS	TO WIN
HUMAN GRAMOPHONE	SEAT ON THE EMBANKMENT	OFF CAME HIS COAT AND
MISS CLEVER	CROP OF FAILURES	PLAYING TOGETHER
DOWN IN HIS CONSTITUENCY	GOOD CUSTOMER	STUDENT OF NATURE
HIDDEN	BEGINNING MODESTLY	BOY WITH AMBITION
SHE IMAGINES	GOING TO THE DEVIL	ENDURING
PLEASANT SURPRISE	CARELESSNESS	MAKING A FIRM STAND
DECIDEDLY	AT THE CHRISTENING	

Example _____ Closing SAT. Aug. 30
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(772) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d. Address _____

Example _____ Closing SAT. Aug. 30
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(772) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example _____ Closing SAT. Aug. 30
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(772) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d. Address _____

Example _____ Closing SAT. Aug. 30
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(772) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s. Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Coupons: "Bullets" No. 772, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

The original cheque for £400 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" No. 768 will be displayed in the window of Messrs. A. L. Jeffrey, 29, Elm Road, Edinburgh.

Every week regular readers of *Bullets Bulletin* are stepping up into the prize-list—you also will find its free weekly help invaluable. Apply for a free specimen copy, sending your name and address on a penny postcard. Or, better still, make sure of the next 12 issues by sending crossed P.O. 6d. (to cover postage) made payable to JOHN BULL. Address:—"Bulletin" Department, Odhams Press, Ltd., 19, Short's Gardens, London, W.C.2.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief Prizes in Competition No. 772 have purchased "John Bull."

THE FIRST PRIZE IN COMPETITION No. 774 WILL BE £2,000.

BOVRIL for Bathers

After bathing, a cup of Hot Bovril is warming and invigorating. It sends the blood coursing through the whole body, and prevents that "chilly" feeling.

Bovril sandwiches, too, are delicious for the beach —appetising and sustaining. They are very easy to make and very economical—a 4-oz. bottle makes 100 Bovril sandwiches.

Bovril Sandwiches made with Hovis are delicious.

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